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1. MAKING THE ASCENT OF THE MOUNTAIN. 2. MOUNT HOOD ILLUMINATED, AS SEEN FROM GOVERNMENT CAMP, NINE MILES DISTANT.

OREGON.—THE ILLUMINATION ON THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT HOOD, JULY 4TH.

FROM PHOTOS. BY O. C. YOCUM, EAST PORTLAND.—SEE PAGE 387.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, JULY 30, 1887.

OFFICE AND DIGNITY.

THE simplicity with which Grover Cleveland has spent his Summer vacation among the nearly forgotten friends who knew him forty years ago, and have never seen him since until he went among them to display his Presidential honors at their village celebrations, is very affecting indeed. It moves the *Evening Sun* to picture in happy contrast the visit of Queen Victoria to the garden party at Lord Salisbury's country place, and the visit of Mr. Cleveland to Fayetteville. When the Queen arrives, the Marchioness of Salisbury falls on one knee and kisses the Queen's hand, whereupon the Queen bids her rise and kisses her on both cheeks. Mr. Cleveland, on the contrary, drives in a doctor's gig into the country, and waits with the reins in his fist at the gate while the physician earns his dollar, and then subsequently shakes hands with everybody he meets. Here is a clear contrast between the simplicity of republicanism and the pretensions of royalty—and the *Sun* proceeds to magnify the President as a revealer "of the glory and the manliness of a democratic form of government." But is not the *Sun* a little careless in its comparison?

In the United States there is no such thing as a royal rank or dignity, and therefore no person in whom, as a person, the majesty and glory of the American Republic inheres, even for a moment. It is no part of the scheme of democracy or republicanism that the quality of rank or royalty which the Queen took with her to Lord Salisbury's party shall exist. In fact, it does not exist, and cannot be even assumed or conceived as accompanying Mr. Cleveland or any other man.

The British Empire was present at Lord Salisbury's party, in the person of the Queen, as an element of social dignity. The American Republic, however, does not step into a doctor's gig whenever Mr. Cleveland may do so, nor does the American Empire constructively hold the reins at the gate when the owner of the gig waits upon his patient. Both the Queen's and Mr. Cleveland's action on these two occasions are in harmony with their respective positions. The Queen, apart from that official action which in fact devolves largely on others, has a rank and dignity to maintain as the personal sovereign over an empire. Mr. Cleveland, apart from his official action, is simply a citizen, marked by high official position, as in England Mr. Gladstone was when in office, but by no rank or dignity. Mr. Gladstone, when in power, is as simple in manners as Mr. Cleveland. He knows that he does not represent the British Throne or Empire as a dignity, and he makes no attempt to do so. His function is to meet the criticism that attends an administration, not the homage that awaits a sovereign.

There is a tendency in many minds to cling to the ideas of royalty under the forms of a republic; to imagine that in a republican President inheres both the majesty or dignity or rank that dwells in a personal sovereign and the critical eminence that is due to a national administrator of government. This, however, is an error, and a very illogical and dangerous one. For the personal sovereign must always be exempt from criticism, in order that he may always be entitled to homage. But the official administrator cannot in a free country be exempt from criticism, and, therefore, can never be entitled to homage. In England there is a convenient division. Royalty receives the homage. The Premier and Cabinet receive the criticism. In America, there being no royalty, the homage is abolished. All that the President represents is exactly what a British Premier represents, viz., administrative success or failure.

When Mr. Cleveland declined to go to St. Louis, therefore, because he had been criticised, he virtually asked for and demanded of Americans one of the prerogatives of royalty, viz., homage without criticism. What he is at all times entitled to is exactly what an English Premier would be entitled to under like circumstances, viz., criticism without homage.

Mr. Cleveland blends the notions of royalty and republicanism when he supposes either that the dignity of his office requires that he should not be criticised or that he should have any control over the terms of criticism. It would also blend the two incongruous notions, to assume that he could carry the dignity and majesty of the Republic to Fayetteville as the Queen carries the dignity of the Sovereignty of Great Britain to Lord Salisbury's garden party.

The President is a personal success, but not a personal sovereign. He has a good right to go to Fayetteville, to display among the people who now reside where the friends of his childhood once resided the magnitude of his success. But the display is like that which Jay Gould would make if he visited his childhood's home. It is a display of personal good fortune, not of national dignity. It may be hoped that no American will imagine that any difference in manner or etiquette which might distinguish him on such an occasion from a British Queen visiting at the Summer residence of her Premier is due either to the simplicity of his own tastes or necessarily to any superiority in republican institutions.

It is a difference based on the palpable fact that she represents an element which in his case does not exist, and which, if he should assume to impersonate in himself, would simply make him ridiculous.

In sustaining her dignity, as a sovereign entitled to be exempt from personal criticism or punishment, Victoria rode through miles of streets in an open carriage at the recent Jubilee ceremonies, though she knew it involved possible peril of assassination at the hands of the common enemies of all society. There is no doubt of the bravery of a woman who thus sustains the element of royal and national dignity, in the full meaning of those terms, in her own person, whatever the peril. Mr. Cleveland seems to have felt, when invited to St. Louis, that a similar dignity was intrusted to his keeping. Had this feeling been a correct one, his mode of preventing his dignity from being sullied by dishonor involved a timidity so unlike the pale and sensitive courage of the First of British Women, that comparisons might with great expediency be deferred until some other occasion.

PROHIBITION IN GEORGIA.

WHATEVER may have been the results of prohibition in other States, the experiment made in Georgia appears to have fully justified the expectations of its friends. The plan of prohibition there adopted—local option by counties, to be tested for a period of two years—has now been in operation for a year and a half, having been adopted by 118 out of 137 counties; and the general testimony of the public is so clearly in favor of it, that it will, probably, be re-enacted at the expiration of the trial term.

The testimony of business men, in such a city as Atlanta, that business has greatly thriven under the action of this law, is certainly significant. It disposes effectually of the assertion so often made that prohibition is a rich man's law, discriminating against the rights and the comforts of the poor for the benefit of the prosperous. This testimony means nothing more nor less than that the poor have had more money to spend—have earned more, that is—and have spent it upon commodities which have contributed to their comfort; commodities such as the rich consider the necessities of life. A state of active business prosperity is not a state in which, while the rich grow richer, the poor grow poorer; it is a state in which the general standard of prosperity is raised, and the comfort of the lower strata of society more than proportionally enhanced.

There may possibly be an element of injustice in an Act which deprives the poor man of the "comforts" of his groggery, under the plea that the remaining classes in the community are benefited by the better law and order, the decreased taxation resulting from the decrease in pauperism and crime, which will ensue. But if the poor man is himself directly benefited; if his prosperity is so promoted that he may find in his own improved home the comfort for which he formerly sought the groggery; if the compensation for his loss of one form of pleasure is proved to be, not remote and indefinite, or a vague and incalculable advantage to his posterity, or a far distant and improbable immunity from pauperism or crime for himself, but is rather, as the experiment in Georgia seems to show, an evident prosperity speedily following upon the enforced withdrawal of a luxury formerly believed to be a necessity, the case is quite different. No laboring man, other than a confirmed drunkard, is beyond conviction from the logic of facts; and it is evident that the poor men of Georgia, in the majority there as elsewhere, have seen the cogency of this kind of reasoning, since they propose to re-enact the prohibition law when the period of its expiration shall have come round.

SAMUEL J. RANDALL AND THE TARIFF.

ABOUT the time that Congress adjourned we directed the attention of our readers to the despotic and unconstitutional dictation in matters of legislation of two or three members of the House of Representatives, headed by Speaker Carlisle. Having their hands at the throat of the House, they arbitrarily and absolutely refused to allow that body to vote upon measures which it was known a majority of the members approved. They prevented Congress from enacting laws which the country demanded, and which its representatives were anxious to pass. That is what the Hon. Samuel J. Randall refers to when he says in his recent letter that "nothing can be done in the future, as nothing was done in the past (in regard to a reduction of the revenue), if the House is organized as heretofore, deliberately, it would seem, on the theory that the dictum of a few so-called leaders—not without the suspicion of representing other interests—must be taken without question and accepted in every point, and as an alternative, if it be rejected, that then nothing shall be permitted to be done."

These "so-called leaders" unquestionably represent the Democratic party, in which Mr. Randall is a black sheep, and in his indictment of them, aside from their arbitrary methods, he indicts his own party. And yet Mr. Randall's policy is the only one on which the tariff can be revised and the revenue reduced. No petty makeshifts will do any good. What folly it is for men in their senses to say as to this question, as one of these Democratic leaders did: "Let us take off one-fifth now. If that does not

reduce the revenue, we can take off more. Some time we will cut to the quick and draw blood!"

Mr. Randall favors the repeal of all internal taxes, and says that the reduction in the tariff rate of duties should be a matter of separate and distinct consideration, and be done with a due regard to the conditions existing as to wages in this country as compared with wages paid for like labor in producing such articles as are imported which would, when here, come in competition with like articles produced in the United States. He shows that, accustomed as we are to raising revenue by duties on imports, it is collected without friction at the border, and permits the encouragement of all our manufactures which are unable to compete successfully in the markets of the world. He is, therefore, opposed to any legislation which will destroy or seriously cripple any American interest. He declares, in plain words (and in this he differs from some of his party associates), that he does not entertain any feelings of vengeance against the producers of the country because they are enjoying a season of general prosperity, and that he prefers their welfare to their distress, their success to their ruin. Mr. Randall closes his letter with a home thrust at "the loudest shouters for free trade who have been found, when it came to the consideration of the details of a Tariff Bill, voting persistently for the largest protective duties upon the most ridiculously small productive interests in their own districts."

Mr. Randall's letter is like a cool breeze in the midst of the heated term, but while it is full of sound common sense, it is not Democratic doctrine, and the earnestness he shows does not, therefore, give encouragement that the Fiftieth Congress will be any better able to deal with the question of tariff revision than the Forty-ninth proved itself to be.

INDEPENDENCE FOR WOMEN.

THERE have been many methods suggested for improving the condition of workingwomen, some of them excellent, and yet in most cases these measures have been no more than palliatives. Homes for workingwomen, special legislation regarding hours and sanitary conditions of work, provisions for securing payment of wages and care when sick, are all steps forward, and entitled to the warmest encouragement. And yet the question comes first, whether the root of the matter cannot be reached; whether women who are obliged to work cannot be so equipped as to be self-sufficient and independent.

The story of the suffering caused by starvation wages is sadly familiar, and it has been brought home with new force by Mrs. Helen Campbell's investigations among the poorer workingwomen of New York. These disclosures were followed by suggestions that these women should change their occupations, that they should take to domestic service, or what not; but in almost every case there was an obstacle in entire lack of training. Pitiful as their condition was and is, the law of supply and demand which regulates the wages of men and women cannot be ignored. With an abundance of cheap unskilled labor, the price of this labor must be low. The untrained laborer cannot earn the wages of the laborer with technical skill. These are axioms; but instead of applying them broadly, much sympathy has been spent upon the results of conditions which cannot be changed. The average girl is brought up without any special knowledge of any work, as if her certain and only future were to be supported by a husband. The industrial independence of women is a more radical and thorough remedy for a large part of the sufferings of the working class than any which has been proposed. And the beginning in this direction is obviously to be made in the family. In other words, parents, instead of leaving their daughters to learn nothing well, should place them on an equality with their sons, and see to it that daughters, like sons, master some means of livelihood.

As Miss Robinson points out in the last number of the *Fortnightly Review*, it is necessary to open our eyes to the fact that more than half the women about us of working age must work for their daily bread. Yet in the face of this fact, and of the numerical preponderance of women in our Eastern States, and the glutted condition of the market for unskilled labor, there is not one family in a hundred where the girls are made to acquire special technical training, and there has been no general organized movement to this end. Where it is necessary for the girls to work, they are seldom taught a substantial trade, but are pitchforked into the first easily learned job that offers, and they remain unskilled laborers. Here and there we find small attempts to provide industrial training for women, but they are pitifully small; and this is the case in England as well as here. But France, as Miss Robinson reminds us, "has made infinitely more provision for the technical training of her very small surplus female population than England for her excess of a million." Technical and industrial schools have been provided for the training of French girls for all sorts of work. Moreover, the French idea among the bourgeoisie, peasantry and working classes is, that husband and wife are copartners in industry; and certainly this idea of co-operation might well prevail in a country as democratic as the United States. But it is sufficient to insist upon this point: that industrial training makes a woman a skilled laborer, assures her comfortable wages, and therefore independence. And even, to quote Miss Robinson,

"if a brighter lot be in store for her, if marriage realize that comparative ease and idleness that is the ideal of English (and also American) women of the working class, her technical training will have still done her good service in quickening her intelligence, and in thus making her a wiser mother to her children and a more sympathetic companion to her husband; above all, in banishing much care by insuring her a means of livelihood in case of need."

THE SOUDAN SLAVE TRADE.

RECENT intelligence from the Red Sea is to the effect that the slave trade, with all its attendant horrors, is in full blast between the east coast of Africa and the western shore line of Arabia. Heavily laden dhows, freighted with diseased Africans of all ages, silently steal across that tropical channel by night and land their miserable victims, who are immediately driven to the interior to supply the demands of the followers of Islam. Only a few days ago a British cruiser sent a cutter after one of the infamous craft, and a battle ensuing, the dhow was sunk, with all on board. Moreover, the accounts state that more than 3,000 slaves have been exported from Khartoum (which for more than sixty years has been the capital of the African slave trade) since the opening of the Spring. This, it is alleged, has been made possible by the triumph of the Soudan fanatics over the regular Government of Lower Egypt; but as to that, there never was a time, even when the Khedive was loudest in his pretenses of a desire to stop the traffic, when at least 20,000 captives a year were not piloted across those deserts and waters, ultimately to be scattered all over the Moslem world.

The fact is, and it should not be disguised, the slave trade will be, in one degree or another, of force as long as Mohammedanism prevails in the East. It is the very essence of the religion that it should be so, and without slavery the social fabric, which is identical with the spiritual one, could not exist and would perish. So long as there is a demand for slaves and eunuchs in those latitudes, so long, by one method or another, will there be a supply at whatever cost.

Humanitarians will ask, What is the remedy? How are you going to check this barbarous and deadly traffic? The answer is, that it can only be extinguished by the combined agencies of the Western Powers, by the rapid promotion of civilization in the heart of Africa, and by the gradual but enforced and final extinguishment of polygamy in Europe and Asia—and, of course, the dissolution of the Turkish Empire, so long a blot on Southeastern Europe. Certainly, missionaries with their tracts and chapels, and explorers with their gowags and rifles and flags, have made little impression on the institution, and aggressive warfare on the Dark Continent, conducted by whatever European nation, has as yet been only a record of terrible blunders and disasters, marked by massacres, of which that of the Italian garrison at Massowah is only the latest and the saddest type.

There is quite as much need for concerted international action of the peaceful kind on the East African coast and along the Red Sea as there has been in the grand enterprise of the King of the Belgians in the Congo State.

NEW YORK CITY IN SUMMER.

WHILE this city has been and is the most popular Winter resort on the continent, it is not the Mecca towards which tourists willingly turn their steps in Summer. The Summer temperature, which is occasionally in the nineties, is oftener in the eighties than the seventies, and cooling breezes from mountain and sea never penetrate to the heart of Manhattan Island. The artificial and reflected heat of many spots in the city undoubtedly adds a degree or two to the average temperature. Yet, notwithstanding all this, the general tendency is to exaggerate the discomforts of New York city in Summer. Statistics show that this city is cooler than St. Louis, Washington or Cincinnati. New York is abundantly supplied with parks, shaded squares and Summer gardens. It has more spacious and commodious hotels than any other city in the world. The thousand acres of shade trees and forest which make up Central Park render cool and healthful the air of the whole surrounding region. Residences, apartments and hotels bordering on the great Park are from ten to twelve degrees cooler than localities down town. Those who indulge in evening drives in the Park return as thoroughly cooled as they would be by a drive on the shores of the sea. There are scores of rambles and grottoes in the upper end of the Park not yet visited even by one New Yorker in fifty thousand, which are cool and delightful during the hottest days of July and August, and which are accessible alike to citizens and strangers. The Summer heat, therefore, of no city can be called intolerable which contains within its limits such refreshing retreats as these. Within thirty minutes, also, the sea-breezes can be reached at Coney Island and elsewhere, so that easy escape may be found from the few dangerously hot days of Midsummer.

In view of these facts, the number of those seem to be increasing from year to year who remain in their convenient city quarters as a base of Summer operations, and who go away on short excursions to Long Branch, and to various points on the New Jersey and Long Island coasts. These brief visits to a hundred neighboring resorts afford more varied pleasure at less expense than would a whole Summer spent in the contracted quarters commonly provided at a fashionable resort. It is manifest that those suffer most from the heat who are perpetually thinking and talking about it. The imagination has much to do with the discomfort which hot weather causes. If persons of fretful natures will cease mopping their foreheads, and will no longer make the weather an endless subject of conversation, they will find that the heat of Summer on this island is more tolerable than the cold of Winter, and causes far less real suffering except among the very poor.

EMIN PASHA.

SEVEN or eight months ago the civilized world was agitated by news of the imminent danger in which Emin Bey, an Egyptian officer in the region of the Equatorial lakes, was placed by the success of the revolt against Egyptian authority. Emin was shut up in Wadelai, a town fifty miles north of the Albert Nyanza, and enemies held all the country between him and the sea. An expedition was organized for his relief, and Stanley, who had just begun a course of lectures in this country, was called to London by telegraph to take command of the force. The Government of Egypt made Emin a Pasha, and furnished money and arms to Stanley; and the interest of men has been kept alive by letters and speeches and notices of all the remarkable things done by Emin, who is indeed an explorer and naturalist of great merit and distinction. The expedition sent to his rescue has met with difficulties, and is still upon its way; and there begins to be

some doubt expressed as to the necessity of a rescue after all. The intelligence that comes from Equatorial Africa reaches Europe by way of Zanzibar, and until a week ago the latest news was down to the 14th of January. At that date all was well at Wadelai, to which Emin had been forced to return after an unsuccessful attempt to get to the coast. This report confirmed the belief in the practical captivity of the explorer; but a telegram of July 19th from Zanzibar makes the story begin to look like something of a mystification. This last dispatch brings down the report to March of this year. Emin is said to have been in good health, and to have been planning an exploring expedition, to last three months, to the Kabibi River, a stream which flows into the southern part of Lake Albert Nyanza (not into the Victoria Nyanza, as the telegram reads. The river was discovered by Emin himself last October). Men standing on the defense in a beleaguered town are scarcely in a position to make excursions of three months' duration.

There is something that calls for explanation in this business. No one suspects Emin of having aided in getting up an excitement on slight pretenses, but it begins to look as if his seclusion and distance from the European world have been cleverly made use of for some purpose, not yet apparent, but in any case scarcely disinterested.

It has often been said that the business of cotton manufacturing was overdone in this country; that the normal production of the mills was greater than the market could absorb, and that there was no hope for the future of the American cotton trade unless it could manage to push its products more largely into foreign countries. Now, foreign markets are not to be despised, and no effort ought to be spared to increase our trade in them, but the fact remains that there is no overproduction of cotton goods in this country to-day. The mills now standing are not more than equal to the task of supplying the normal wants of the people of the country, and, meantime, the population is increasing with unparalleled rapidity.

It is not to be denied that the overconstruction of railroads—the sinking of capital where it did not and could not earn any interest for its owners—has been one of the most potent causes of financial revulsion and commercial depression. During the present year railroad-building is being carried on with unparalleled rapidity, and many cautious people are asking whether it is to be followed by disaster. The *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, in discussing this question, takes a hopeful view. The new work is being done, it says, by corporations of large means, established credit and heavy earnings, and is being saddled with much lighter burdens in the shape of interest charges than that of any previous era of large construction. In addition to this, the country in which railway-building is going on with such energy is increasing in population and resources with wonderful rapidity. We hope the *Chronicle* is right, but we cannot forget the danger it belittles. We have had our fingers burned too often.

ACCORDING to a recent dispatch from Asbury Park, an estimable lady has been prostrated by nervous excitement and made dangerously ill by a "sensational" newspaper article. It appears that this lady happened to take a seat upon the beach-walk, which a colored nurse presently claimed as belonging to her. The seat was given up, and there the matter ended. But some "enterprising" reporter, hungering for a "sensational story" for the Sunday issue of his paper, invented for a Philadelphia journal an account of a savage fight between this unoffending lady and the nurse, in which the former was depicted as blackening the latter's eyes. The effect of this contemptible public vilification of a refined and modest woman can easily be imagined, and it is not strange that a dangerous illness followed. It may be that even a falsehood as mean as this cannot be punished by the law of libel, but if law is powerless, a horsewhipping would certainly meet with public approval.

ANOTHER story of a Do-the-boys Hall comes from Chicago. At this institution, which has the inappropriate name of "The Christian Home for Boys," there were five boys who were fed upon potatoes and water three times daily, provided they were not "unruly." One twelve-year old boy who ran away and was sent back was chained in an attic for four days and kept on a half-allowance of the usual starvation fare. Seeking to escape again, he was chained up for ten days, but finally regained freedom by the aid of the other boys, and was found by a policeman on the street with the iron shackles still on his feet. While the poor little fellow was at the station-house, the clergyman in charge of the "Home" appeared to claim him. Confronted with the boy and shackles, this reverend gentleman was obliged to admit that the latter had been chained, but claimed that it was only "in kindness." It is pleasant to know that the clerical ruffian was treated with similar "kindness," being promptly arrested and locked up. Exposures like this, and some in Pennsylvania and New York, enforce the necessity for close supervision of institutions to which children are intrusted.

STEAM-CARRIAGES for use on ordinary roads have been the dream of inventors ever since the steam-engine has been employed as a means of locomotion, but the obstacles in the way of their practical use have been so great, that even Yankee ingenuity has been unable to overcome them. Electricity is to be the motor of the future. Those who have been studying the problem of its application to locomotion have met with difficulties, but seem to have conquered the worst of them, and among the results of their experiments is said to be the perfection, by Dr. J. B. Finney, of Pittsburgh, of an electric carriage to run on ordinary streets. The power in this carriage is applied through a motor placed under the back seat, which is fed with electricity from an overhead wire connected with it by a short conductor and a "traveler." The carriage passes easily from one side of the street to the other, and the connection of the motor with the overhead wire may be broken by the driver when desirable. Electric carriages, if no unforeseen obstacle to their use arises, might be used with advantage in a city like Washington, D. C., where most of the streets are paved with smooth asphalt, but we doubt if they would be a popular means of conveyance on the ordinary rough stone pavements of most cities.

AN extraordinary example of railway competition, and its effect in reducing rates of travel, is offered by the Canadian Pacific Road. The fare from San Francisco to Montreal and return, a round trip of about 8,000 miles, is now only \$100, and from San Francisco to Boston and New York and return, \$110. This is one instance, among many, of the prevailing tendency of railroads and other means of transportation towards that cheapening of travel which is in every way so desirable. This tendency is especially valuable in its results when the increase of immigration and the general growth of population are considered. The total immigration of the present

fiscal year has been 500,000, an increase of 133,600 over last year. The natural increase by excess of births over deaths has amounted, between the last census and July 1st of this year, to rather more than 7,700,000. The increase by immigration during these seven years has been upwards of 3,800,000, and a further increase has come through Canada and Mexico to the number of 70,000. These statistics bring our population, in round numbers, up to 61,725,000. In order to distribute this constantly increasing population so that the country may be widely developed, cheap rates of transportation are not only desirable, but necessary. Another obvious benefit which railroad competition brings with it is the facility it affords to individuals of becoming familiar with the country—with its agricultural and business resources, and the most favorable conditions, climatic and otherwise, for particular enterprises. It is to be hoped that this marked tendency of transportation corporations to reduce rates of travel will extend itself to freight rates also. Such a policy would inspire business enterprise, cheapen commercial intercourse, augment the prosperity and comfort of the masses, and it is in every way necessary to the rapid development of our almost limitless resources.

SOME of us will have to brush up our history if the newspapers begin the discussion of the protectorate of the Holy Places. It is nearly a quarter of a century since much has been heard of the claims of European Powers to share in this protectorate, and yet any disturbance of it would be as much in danger of provoking a war as what might appear to us a more serious diplomatic complication. By treaties between the Turkish and European Powers, definite portions of the Convent of the Holy Manger in Bethlehem and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, the hour of the Mass, the very ornaments of the altars, are assigned to the Roman Catholic, the Greek and the Armenian Churches. The Crimean War grew out of the claim of Russia to exercise a protectorate over the Greek Christians throughout the Turkish Empire, similar to that which had traditionally been exercised by Austria as representative of the Holy Roman Empire, and a dispute between the Greek and Catholic communities as to the right of putting up a certain star in the church at Jerusalem almost precipitated that war some months before it began. The protectorate of the Holy Places, therefore, is a vital question in Eastern European politics, and must not be neglected by those who would read the news from beyond the sea understandingly.

THE decree of the recent Plenary Council of the Roman Catholic Church at Baltimore against drinking and liquor-selling has not yet resulted in a general movement towards its enforcement throughout the country. The crusade has been inaugurated in Baltimore; however, by the action of the Catholic clergy in protesting from their pulpits against the violation of the Sunday liquor laws. Father Edmund Didier, of St. Vincent's Church, which is situated in one of the worst districts of the city, appears to be the leader of the crusade, and his denunciation of those who desecrate Sunday "by selling liquors on that day, or frequent places where they are sold," is at once vigorous and significant. The movement is in every way important, and, coming from the source it does, suggests two things. First, that the Catholic Church, under whose supervision the mass of people come who are affected by the Sunday liquor traffic, is conscious of the necessity for action in the matter. Second, that the enforcement of such views as Father Didier expresses by Catholic clergymen generally among their flocks would be of great practical value to the cause of temperance and to the cause of law and order. It would do more, too, to abolish poverty than all the societies which may be organized in a century. Vastly more can be accomplished in every right direction by a movement of this kind than by acts of legislation, and it is to be hoped that the example of the Baltimore priests will be generally followed.

It is just announced that the Mayor of Limerick, Mr. Francis A. O'Keefe, a leading member of the Nationalist party in the South of Ireland, proposes paying New York, and subsequently several cities of the Western States, a visit, during the last week in August or early in September. Mr. O'Keefe, who is yet a young man—the youngest, indeed, who has ever held the office—has already distinguished himself as possessing talents of no common order. He is a brilliant writer upon antiquarian and scientific subjects, and his oratorical gifts have gained for him well-deserved encomiums. It is believed that at the next vacancy Mr. O'Keefe will seek the representation of his native city in Parliament. It is not perhaps generally known that the Corporation of Limerick is the oldest in the United Kingdom, the municipal charter having been granted by King John eleven years before London received a similar distinction, and thirty-two years before it was conferred upon Dublin. Built by the Danes, who sailed up the Shannon in the eighth century, devastating the country on either side with fire and sword, it was known for several centuries as *Lumreagh*, or "The Island for Horses." Few Irish cities have passed through so many vicissitudes. Besieged by the armies of Cromwell, and twice by those of William, it was never really reduced by force of arms, though the story of its honorable treaty with the victors, and the subsequent dishonorable violation of that treaty, are matters of history.

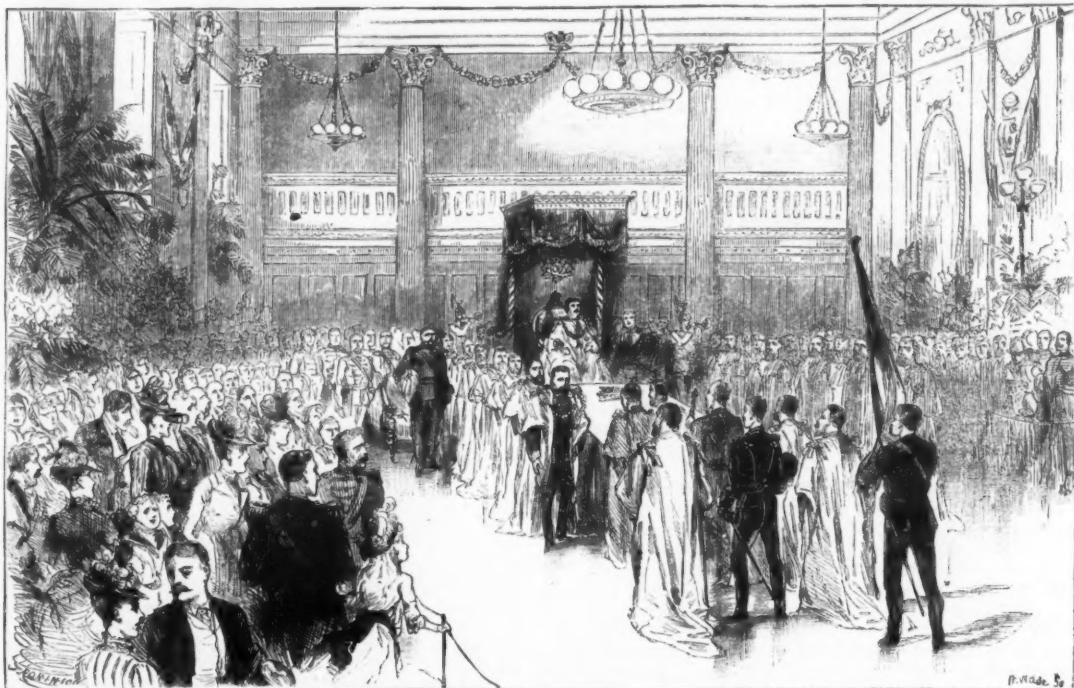
THE troubles of the English Tories are accumulating. In three elections held last week in Tory strongholds the Liberals made heavy gains, showing, in connection with the five elections previously held, that there is a decided popular reaction against Coercion and the general policy of the Tory Cabinet. The situation of the latter is, indeed, critical, and it would not be surprising to see it go to pieces. Its acquiescence in the demands of the Liberal-Unionists for modifications of the Land Bill has angered the Tory landlords, who threaten to rebel, and the friction is not likely to grow less with the lapse of time. Between the extreme Tories, who object to any concessions to anybody, on one side, and the Unionists, who must have concessions to maintain themselves, on the other, it is not surprising that Salisbury is growing petulant and bitter. The hostility of Lord Randolph Churchill to the general policy of the Government is every day becoming more pronounced, and as he is the idol of the democracy, and speaks for them, in a sense, his course does not add to the comfort of the Tory leaders. Meanwhile the Coercion Act having received the royal sanction and become the law of the realm, the Irish leaders are maturing their plans to defeat its enforcement, and the indications are that they will defy its provisions and take the consequences. At a banquet given by the National Liberal Club to the leading Parnellites, last week, Mr. Parnell called attention to the success achieved by the Liberals in compelling the Government to abandon some of the most obnoxious features of its policy, and showed that if the Land Bill, as the Cabinet now proposes to amend it, shall be passed and fairly administered, the Coercion Act will be a dead letter, and the whole session that has been spent in passing it will, even from the Tory point of view, be admitted to have been wasted.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 387.

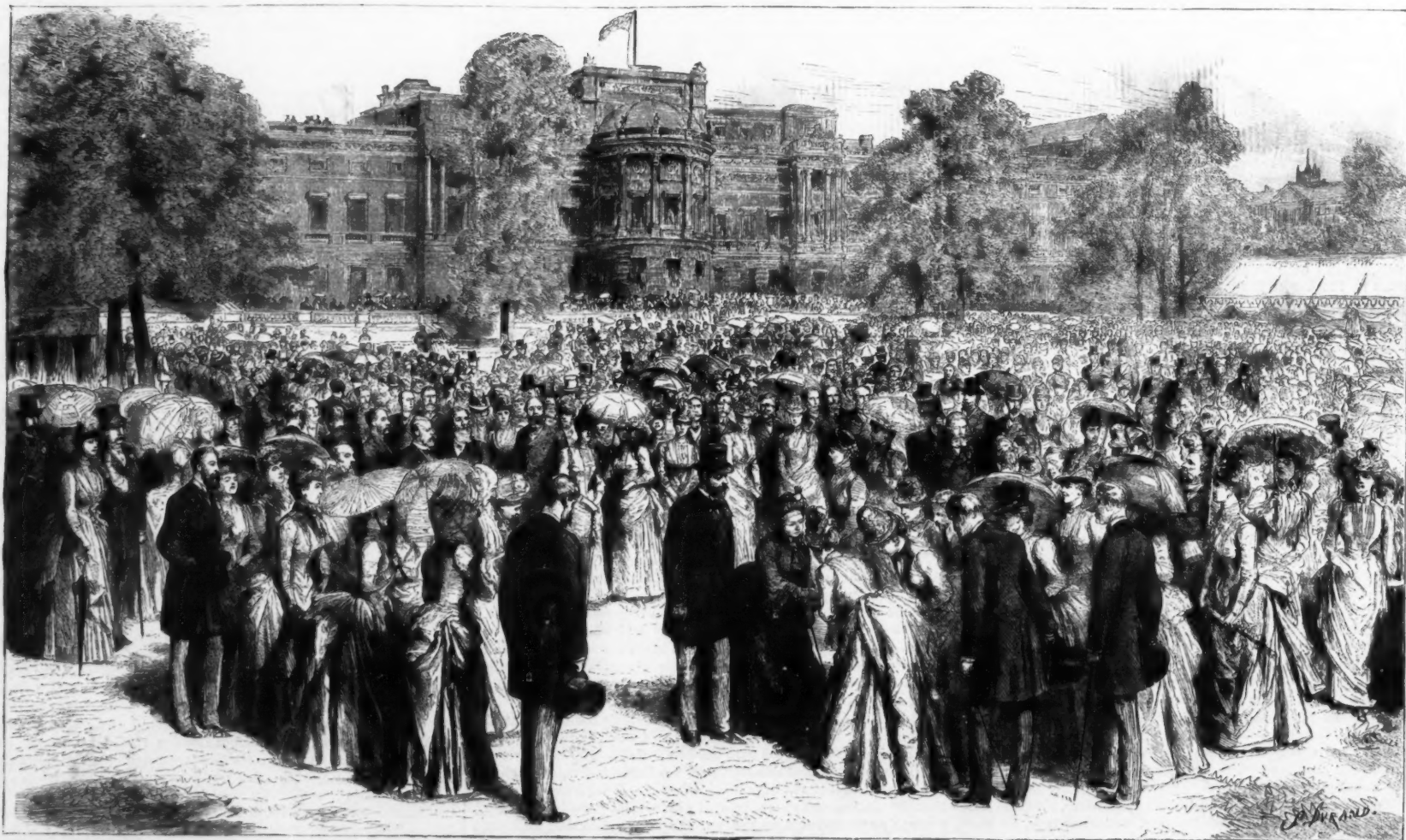


Alfred Krupp.

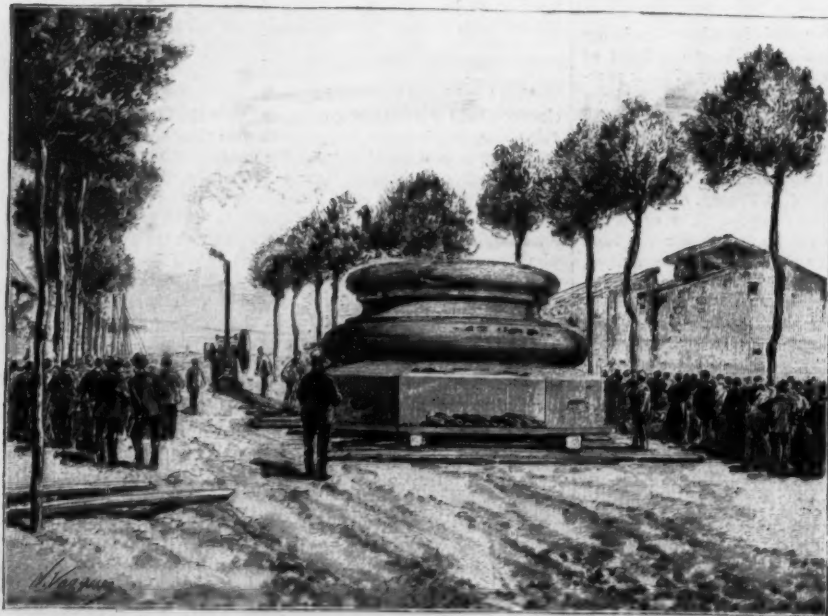
GERMANY.—THE LATE ALFRED KRUPP, THE GREAT CANNON-FOUNDER.



IRELAND.—THE ROYAL PRINCES IN DUBLIN—INVESTITURE OF PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR OF WALES AS A KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK.



ENGLAND.—QUEEN VICTORIA'S GARDEN PARTY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.



SPAIN.—BASE OF THE MONUMENT TO COLUMBUS, TO BE ERECTED AT BARCELONA.



ENGLAND.—THE FRENCH MONARCHIST DEMONSTRATION AT THE ISLE OF JERSEY—SOMERVILLE HOUSE, WHERE THE COMTE DE PARIS RECEIVED THE DEPUTATIONS.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS IN OHIO.

THE Ohio Democratic State Convention, held at Cleveland on Thursday of last week, was a notable gathering, and its results are likely to prove satisfactory to the entire party. The platform adopted cordially indorses President Cleveland and his Administration, declares in favor of such "reduction of the tariff as shall result in producing a revenue sufficient only to meet the expenses of an economical administration of the Government;" approves "such reduction of internal revenue, except on liquors, as will prevent the accumulation of a surplus in the National Treasury;" and declares in favor of the submission of an amendment to the Constitution providing for the license of the liquor traffic.

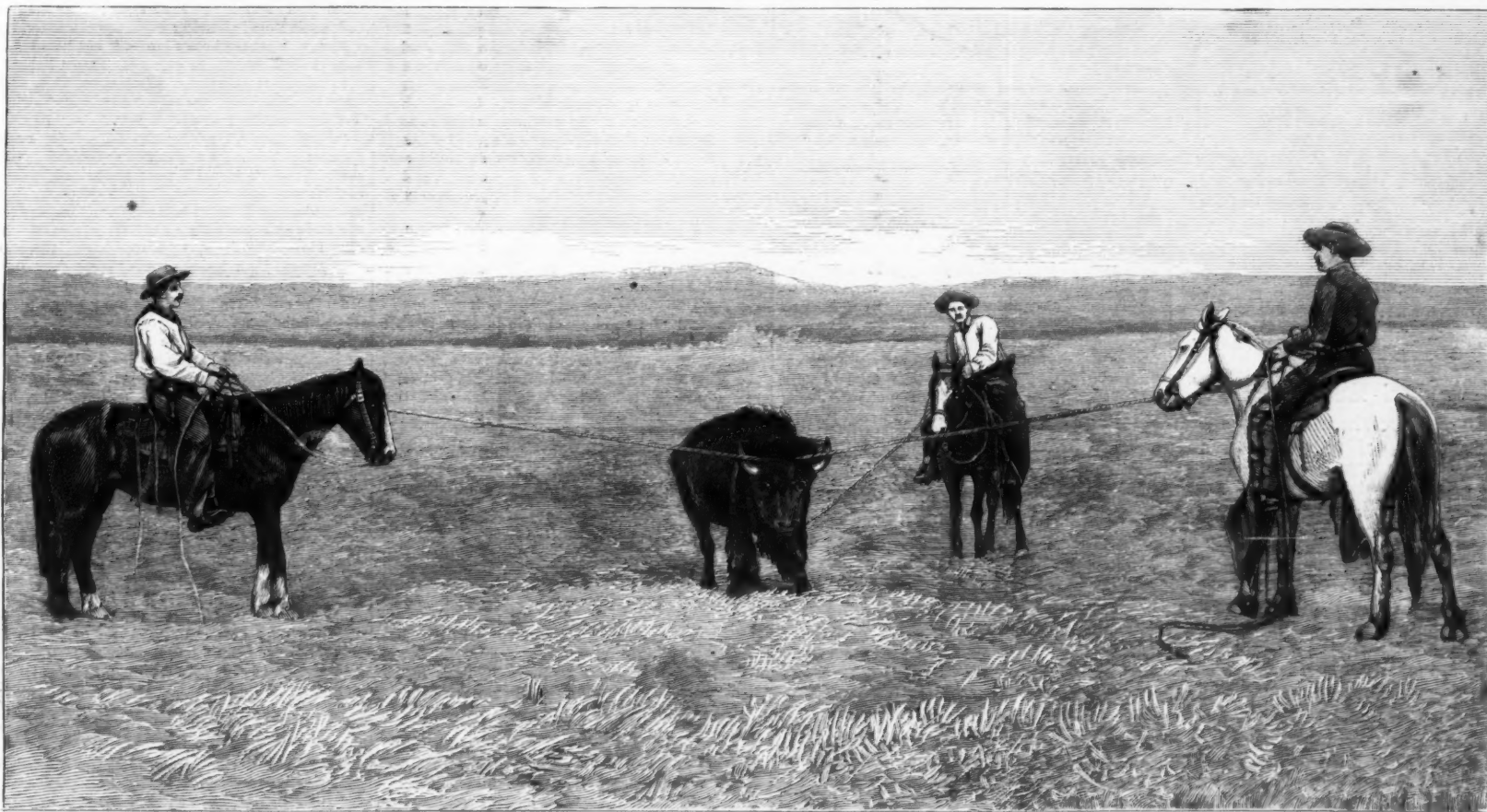
The nominee for Governor, Hon. Thomas Edward Powell, was born in Delaware, Delaware County, O., forty-three years ago. He is of Welsh descent, his father having been born in Wales. In 1864, when a student of the Ohio Wesleyan University, in his native city, he entered the army as a private. He remained in the service four months, when his term of enlistment expired. He resumed his studies in the university, and was graduated in 1864. He again enlisted and served for five months, and on his discharge became a law student in the office of Colonel William P. Reid, with whom he subsequently entered into partnership. His political career commenced in 1872, when he stumped the State for the Greeley ticket. His ability attracted large attention, and in 1875 he received the nomination for Attorney-general. Notwithstanding the great popularity and strength of the late Governor Allen, who headed the ticket, the majority against him was greater than that against Powell. In 1882 his party, against his wishes, made him the nominee for Congress in the Ninth District. He made a most effective campaign, narrowing the Republican majority down to 400 votes. This canvass was made against General James S. Robinson, a man notably popular in this district. In 1884 he headed the Democratic Electoral ticket in the State. In 1885, at the solicitation of party leaders, he accepted the Chairmanship of the Democratic State Executive Committee, and while the campaign was not successful, he conducted it with great ability and vigor. Five years ago Mr. Powell opened a law office in Columbus, and in a brief time secured a lucrative practice, which has steadily increased until the present time.



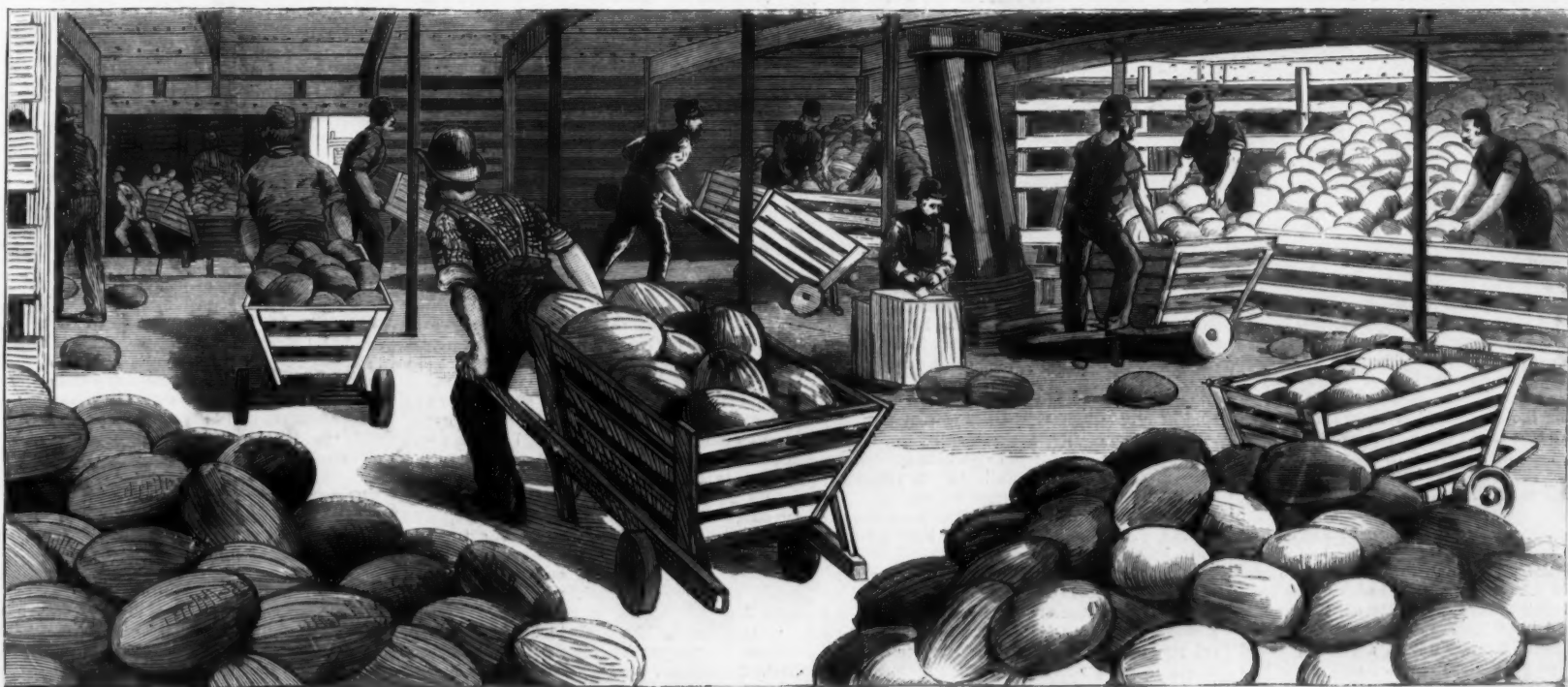
OHIO.—HON. THOMAS E. POWELL, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR.
PHOTO. BY JOHN H. RYDER, CLEVELAND.



OHIO.—HON. DE WITT C. COOLMAN, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR.
PHOTO. BY W. H. OAKLEY, RAVENNA.



THE EXTERMINATION OF THE AMERICAN BISON.—PHOTOGRAPHING THE LAST BUFFALO CAPTURED IN THE BAD LANDS OF WESTERN DAKOTA.
PHOTO. BY KIRKLAND, CHEYENNE.—SEE PAGE 391.



THE FRUIT SEASON IN NEW YORK.—UNLOADING MELONS FROM A SAVANNAH STEAMER.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 394.

Hon. De Witt Clinton Coolman, nominated for Lieutenant-governor, is a native of Ravenna, where he was born, February 16th, 1828, and has constantly resided. He was educated in the public schools of Ravenna and in Alleghany College at Meadville, Pa. On leaving college, at the age of 19, he went into an engineering corps in the Cleveland and Pittsburgh Railway in 1847, and followed the profession of civil engineering until 1870. Between 1856 and 1870 he was most of the time Chief Engineer of the old Atlantic and Great Western Railway, now known as the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio. During the last seventeen years he has been engaged in the manufacture of glass, being proprietor of the Diamond Glass Works at Ravenna. In 1866, Mr. Coolman was the party candidate for Congress in his district against General Garfield, and ran considerably ahead of his ticket. He was a delegate to the Democratic National Conventions of 1868 and 1880. In 1883, he was named for Lieutenant-governor, but withdrew in the interest of party harmony. He was subsequently appointed, by Governor Hoadly, a member of the Board of Managers of the State Penitentiary and President of the Board, and held the position until removed by Governor Foraker. Mr. Coolman has been unanimously elected by his neighbors to several local positions where good judgment and executive capacity have been desirable. His nomination for Lieutenant-governor is regarded as greatly strengthening the State ticket.

IN THE STUDY.

"TELL me, O book that last he read in,
Were his morning thoughts all given to thee?
Or did he muse on the words I said in
The sweet yestreen, by the moonlit sea?"
"Tick-tock! Tick-tock!"

"Tell me, O pen that last he wrote with,
When did he write, and what did he say?
Was he tracing the name that he cut in the boat
with
His knife—my name, but yesterday?"
"Tick-tock! Tick-tock!"

"Tell me, O garment, knows he aught of passion?
Thou hast felt his heart—was it steady and slow,
Or throbbing as mine was, in foolish passion,
When I peered through the lattice, to see him
go?"
"Tick-tock! Tick-tock!"

"Speak, rose, still warm with his last caresses!—
I saw thee held close to those classic lips—
Ah, did he venture no sweet love-guesses
Which thou canst repeat in the day's eclipse?"
"Tick-tock! Tick-tock!"

"O clamorous clock, thou art mocking and surly,
The voices I long for to thus forestall!—
Why, Mr. Harrington—back so early!
I came—to—" "I heard, love! I'll answer
for all!"
"Tick-tock! Tick-tock!"

EMMA C. DOWD.

CONRAD'S ESCAPE.

By LUCY BLAKE.

WITH an eye out for the nearest smoking compartment, Mr. Jeremy Calcott regarded the approaching train which was to convey him from Siena to Florence, but Fate, looking pensively forth at him through the window of a second-class carriage, caused him to change his mind and relinquish all thoughts of that pet cigar.

Fate had hidden herself behind such a lovely pair of pathetic dark eyes under a poke bonnet lined with red silk, how could Mr. Jeremy Calcott resist her mighty magnetism? Though in reality he was ready to rend limb from limb a fidgety governess and three children who threatened to bar his progress, Mr. Calcott ensconced himself in this particular carriage with a manner intended to express the coldest indifference as to where he sat. He chose a place opposite the wearer of the poke bonnet, so that at discreet moments his artist's eye might refresh itself, without danger of dislocation, by a look at the most charming face and figure it had ever rested upon. The air of sadness in mouth and eyes, though unsuited to her young years, added much to the fascination of the girl's face.

She was accompanied by a rather dull-looking person in black, who divided her time between catching short, jerky naps in ungraceful attitudes, with her mouth open, and casting anxious glances at a large basket in red drapery in the rack overhead. She had doubtless placed it there herself with the usual feminine disregard for stability and public safety, and was watching for it to come rattling down upon somebody's head. When it fell, it would annihilate three Italian gentlemen, her remaining fellow-travelers in the coupé. In their provincial dialect they were chatting together amicably enough, though the fury and invective of their tones and gestures could only be wiped out in blood, at the end of the journey, in other lands.

As the tempest of words rose high, the soft eyes under the poke bonnet glanced timidly at Mr. Calcott, as if appealing for protection. He knew the fellows were only discussing the probable sales at a horse-fair the next day, but it was such bliss to think that this lovely girl felt the safer for his presence, that he drew the fraction of an inch nearer, and assuming a serious expression, looked at the men as if the matter might become very grave.

Number one of these gentlemen at last choked over the force and flow of his torrent of words, and was obliged to resort to scrawling hieroglyphics in the palm of his hand with a dirty forefinger. He might have spared himself the trouble, for his neighbor, instead of being convinced by his arguments, listened not at all, but grabbed number one by the coat-button, and shook him backwards and forwards, propounding in his turn some theory which number three seemed to resent. He, a hook-nosed man with earrings, and a thick

silver ring on his thumb, tore off his hat, rubbed up his hair furiously, slapped it flat again; struck his forehead with the corrugated knob of his umbrella, rolled off a thunderous volley of words which all seemed to end in *r* with a mighty length of tail, and to which his companions paid not the slightest heed, and then folded his hands apparently in silent prayer. The lull was but temporary, for number three presently sprang up, dropping first his shawl, then his umbrella, then both—and with the astonishing mobility of thumb peculiar to his nation, hissed between his teeth something which must have been little short of eternal malediction, while copious tears made clean tracks down his cheeks. His friends gazed at him with the winning smile of an infant when it has full control of an ink-bottle, they shook hands all round, and there was an amicable interchange of snuff-boxes.

Mr. Calcott longed to speak to his pretty neighbor, but for fear of frightening her more—he too might be a different kind of brigand in her eyes—he refrained. Fate presently took compassion on him; the shade of the poke bonnet was evidently not enough for the pretty black eyes, for a little white hand, quicker in its movement than Calcott's, reached up to draw down the blind. The wood was warped and stiff, and the poor little fingers were pinched. Not very badly perhaps, but the black eyes had a suspicious moisture in their corners. Calcott forgot his cautious reserve, and expressed deep regret for the accident which caused the young lady such keen suffering.

Did she know that red wine was considered efficacious in allaying the pain of a pinch, and would she allow him to offer some from his flask? She seemed nothing loath, so the infatuated young man tore up into strips his fine new linen handkerchief (delighting all the time in the fact that there was an embroidered monogram in the corner, which made the sacrifice more complete), and saturated the bandage with wine to bind round the injured finger.

"Thank you; it feels better already," she murmured; "but what a pity you tore up your handkerchief."

As if being allowed to touch that dainty little hand for a few minutes was not worth all the rubbishy handkerchiefs in the kingdom! thought Calcott, but what he said was less gallant.

The young lady in black witnessed this scene with stony indifference. Mr. Calcott resented her evident callousness, but felt deeply grateful to her for leaving the care of the wounded finger to him.

After this mishap, Mr. Calcott found himself chatting to his pretty *vis-à-vis* with the ease of long acquaintance. As they stopped at a wayside station, he exclaimed:

"There is a type of my countrywomen of which I'm heartily ashamed! Why can't she leave that wretched little brute of a dog at home? Look! that is the second porter who has tripped over its leading-string. The way that that fat little old man swore when the beast ran under his legs was quite shocking, but excusable under the circumstances. People who travel about the country with animals demoralize the public and make themselves consummate nuisances. Do you not agree with me?"

The young lady in the poke bonnet did not seem quite to agree with Mr. Calcott upon this subject, and as they moved on he became aware of a change in her manner—a timidity more than coolness; she glanced uneasily at the lady in black, and seemed relieved when that commonplace person snored unmistakably. Unconsciously enough she shook her awake as the train neared the Santa Croce Station, and both ladies began collecting their belongings ready to descend. Mr. Calcott handed down the basket with the rabid republican covering, and as he did so, there issued from it a prolonged, unmistakable *Miauw!* sonorous, angry, loud, as only a pampered tomcat disturbed in his slothful slumber can give vent to.

The sable-garbed young person drooped over the basket, murmuring:

"Conrad, my darling! are you overtired, my sweet pet? Feel how hot his poor nose is, Dorá; I fear he is in a raging fever."

Jeremy Calcott's heart sank into his boots. The pretty girl seemed as ready to make a spectacle of herself over the cat as her plainer companion, and he, Calcott, had of course offended them both mortally by his unlucky remarks concerning people who traveled about with amateur menageries. In vain did he forfeit part of his ticket to see the cat and its two guardians safe into a cab at Santa Croce—formal thanks, a limp handshake, were his only reward, as the poke bonnet vanished from his gaze—for ever, he believed, in his despair. Unconscious of the scathing sarcasm of porters who heavily laden trucks, whose passage he impeded, he stood on the platform wondering if other fellows were so precipitate about falling in love. All the other women in the wide world were but pale shadows compared to this Juno-eyed stranger, and if she was lost to him he would end his days at the nearest monastery, in a rasping gown of a Dunducketty mud color, with a rope round his waist.

Somehow, it did not seem silly for her to be fond of a cat; it was, probably, a very nice cat, with who knows what interesting history. What a fool he had been to trifle with his happiness by those ungenerous comments! All was over now, thanks to this special confounded cat.

Jeremy Calcott little realized that the maligned Conrad would one day indirectly befriend him, when he was in sore need.

To escape the heat and find subjects for his sketchbook, Mr. Calcott wandered up among the Pistoiese Apennines, and established himself at an old posting inn, now patronized by strangers in search of quiet rusticity, near the boundary between Tuscany and Lombardy. After his dinner of *risotto*—stewed kid and pumpkin flowers fried in butter—Mr. Calcott began to take his bearings.

It was indeed a pretty, picturesque nook, tucked comfortably in a side-pocket of the mountain, with the pine-tops embroidering the intense blue sky above, and chestnut groves gathering round the peasants' houses of gray stone with red-tiled roofs. Very primitive, silent and lonely, but quite suited to Mr. Calcott's frame of mind. The gnawing heart-hunger, awakened by a certain pair of bonny black eyes, had worn him gaunt and grim, as he believed and privately hoped, and made a sojourn in Nature's solitudes best for him.

Sitting on a bench at the end of the path he had chosen, Mr. Calcott saw a lady in a black dress absorbed in a piece of needlework. Jeremy lifted his hat as he passed, and was continuing his way, when to his surprise the lady called him back and motioned him to a place beside her.

"You are the man who bandaged my sister Dorá's finger in the train that day; a very trifling pinch you and she both knew, not at all worth the waste of a handkerchief. Dorá kept the piece with the initials on it—very silly of her," she began.

Jeremy could scarcely believe his eyes and ears. Here, dropped down in this most hidden of hamlets, was the dull young person who had so fidgeted and yawned during that, to him, most blissful journey from Siena. Was her sister with her? Calcott's knees trembled with joy at the delightful possibility, and then a chill froze his blood at the fear that the sisters might have parted company.

"My sister will be glad to see you; she has wearied me to death talking about you."

Though not wholly complimentary, this speech was music to Calcott's ears, for it hinted at Dorá's having forgiven him for his sharp judgment apropos of quadruped pets. He had already possessed himself of her name as a precious treasure.

"Is—is your sister here?" hazarded Jeremy.

"Yes; she is sitting with Conrad, to keep the flies off him while he sleeps."

Hereupon, to Jeremy's great discomfiture, the young lady burst into tears. With a praiseworthy desire to divert her thoughts, he began, with a painful display of mannish ignorance, to question her about the work now lying unheeded on her lap. She brightened up immediately, and displayed her handiwork to Calcott, the nature of which caused him considerable astonishment. A square of black silk with a skull and cross-bones, skillfully embroidered in white, enlivening one corner, and a small coffin, with *Hic jacet* on the lid, in process of completion on two of the others.

"I'm making this for a lady who has lost her husband; it is to wear round her neck; she always liked a pretty little shawl. Don't you think it will please her?"

"Yes," answered Calcott; "there is something so original and—and so cheering about it, you know."

"Yes, Everybody—Oh, there comes Dorá; you can talk to her instead. I'm going to Conrad," whereupon the eccentric young lady hustled her work out of sight in a basket, and beat a hasty and unceremonious retreat.

With the grace and loveliness of an ideal queen, Dorá advanced over the carpet of chestnut leaves lying golden on the path. Instead of the poke bonnet, a parasol lined with pale rose protected her dainty head, with its dusky crown of hair soft and glossy as silk, from the glinting sunshine.

With a flush of pleasure, as the vain young man chose to construe it—though it might have been only the reflex from the silken canopy over her head—she recognized Mr. Calcott.

"I'm very glad chance has thrown us together again," she said, sweetly, extending her hand. "I'm going for a short walk through the fields. Will you come with me?"

Had she asked him to join to her in a ramble over red-hot plowshares he would have counted himself among the luckiest of mortals. After the first lull in their chat upon ordinary subjects, Dorá's manner changed, and she said, seriously:

"My sister has been showing you some of her dismal embroidery. She was not quite quick enough to escape my eye."

"Yes; I thought it rather odd, but—"

"Of course her manner has given you an inkling of the truth. I rarely talk of my afflicted sister to strangers, but as we are likely to be together here for some weeks, and as you are my compatriot, and most kind-hearted, I would like you to know the whole truth. Let us sit down on this fallen tree, and I will tell you a story as briefly as I can."

Much interested, Calcott obeyed, and she began: "Five years ago, Hilda—my father was twice married, and she is my half-sister—was engaged to be married to one of the best, truest men on all the wide earth. I was at that time a feather-brained girl of sixteen. We were spending the Summer in the Tyrol; one afternoon, Conrad (Hilda's lover) and I were walking alone along a steep mountain path above Toblach. I coveted a fascinating clump of fringed gentian growing a few feet lower than the path; far below where it lodged lay the rocky bed of the stream. I told Conrad I intended to climb down and get the flowers. He laughed, and said I must be mad to think of risking my life for such a trifle, nor was he gallant enough to peril his own neck. Later, when he was absorbed in a sketch, I ran back and scrambled down for the plant—it would be such a triumph to surprise him with it."

"I slipped, and fell a short distance. At my screams, Conrad flew to help me, and managed to hold me till I could seize the roots of a tree and drag myself back to the path. He lost his footing, and they found him lying on the moss-grown stones below, not maimed, nor disfigured, but quite dead."

"They brought him back to the hotel, where, without any preparation for the horrible change, Hilda found him. A little white kitten he had given her a few days before had stolen in, and was licking the poor dead boy's hand."

"Hilda had a brain fever, which left her in the

state she is in now; not mad, but with her reason unsettled for ever. When she awoke to life she seemed to care for nothing but me and the white kitten, now grown to be a staid old cat, which accompanies us everywhere. She seems to think some of the soul of her dead lover lives still in this cat, and caring for it is her one great passion; she calls it Conrad, and is never contented away from it. I have to feign the same affection and interest in an animal I really do not like, out of consideration for my poor Hilda's feelings. I shudder for the consequences if any misfortune were to befall her pet. I know it is ridiculous to travel about with a cat, but—"

"Oh, please don't say anything to recall some stupid speeches of mine," began Calcott, eagerly. "There is nothing ridiculous—"

"Yes, it is silly," she interrupted him; "but I take that as part of my punishment, as I try to bear patiently with Hilda's dreary fancies in needlework. If I can suppress the frightful decorations she makes before she produces them in public, I'm thankful. She always wears mourning, and finds keen satisfaction in elaborating the dismal symbols of death you found her busy over."

"A terribly depressing influence for you," said Calcott.

"Yes; but do I not deserve a far worse lot? That is my story, very hastily and imperfectly told—I cannot bear to dwell on details—but it is enough to explain what seems strange in our conduct. Let us return now through the fields, and talk of pleasanter things."

With a heart lighter for her confession, Dorá regained her former cheerfulness as they sauntered homeward. They wasted much valuable time in the search for wild strawberries growing on the strand skirting a rocking sea of wheat. Poppies and daisies tossed and bobbed on the waves in bright masses—a patriotic show of the Italian colors, Dorá said. The idle languor of the late Summer afternoon seemed to have pervaded them both, and made each step slower than the last, until Dorá, glancing over her shoulder, saw a cow, with suspiciously lowered head and forelegs planted firmly in the sod, fixing her with a stare of stony scorn. Whereupon Dorá flung away her pink-lined parasol with wild recklessness and fled on the wings of the wind.

"Signora mia, don't be afraid!" cried a woman digging potatoes in a corner of the field. "The cow will do you no harm; she don't like strangers, and it's true she sometimes upsets them and rolls them about a little with her horns. But it's only her fun; she never hurt anybody in her life—did she, Pietro?" Then, apostrophizing the cow, "Magnana, thou ignorant one! canst thou never have patience with the clothes of these *forestieri* from the city? Though unlike ours, they are very good in their way."

Thoughtful and gentle though she might be in her practical jokes, Magnana had spoiled for Calcott the happiest hour of his life, and he would gladly have witnessed her roasting, horns, hoof and tail, under the huge black chimney at the old posting inn.

For many subsequent days Jeremy had to content himself with fleeting glimpses of Dorá, for she seemed to avoid him, and his most adroit attempts to bring about a chance meeting failed.

At sunset, one evening, he found her sitting alone on a stone wall where a sweep of the road commanded the prettiest view of the valley. Traces of tears were in her eyes, and a pathetic tremor in her voice; she looked irresistibly lovely, and, astonished at his own courage and eloquence, Calcott presently found himself telling her that he had loved her from the first moment he had seen her, and that heaven would begin for him on this dull earth if she would be his wife.

"Oh, no, no—I cannot! I beg of you not to speak to me in this way. Oh, why did I not prevent you?"

This was not encouraging, but Calcott did not mean to let himself be abashed too easily.

"But why may I not tell you that I love you?"

"No—no man must talk to me of love so long as my poor Hilda needs me. I have sworn to devote myself to her, allowing no one to divide my allegiance—it is but little compensation for ruining her life."

"But why not let me help to bear the burden which is far too heavy for you?"

"No, I say; no one can help me. Alone with me, Hilda is usually docile and good. The intimacy of other people maddens her—I have tried all that so often."

"But could she not be well taken care of and happy in some asylum?"

"That, too, has been tried; but she frets herself to a shadow. She is happy only when alone with me, and I'm glad and thankful that I can brighten her clouded life."

"But this sacrifice of yourself is shocking! It is—"

"Please don't—I know you feel sympathy for me, but I don't deserve it, and I can't bear to listen to it. I beg of you to forget what you have said just now. I cannot listen, to any man's wooing. If you will not forget, will you not go away and leave us to the quiet I sought here, but alas! have not found. No pleading can shake my resolve; it only distresses me beyond endurance."

There was no other alternative for Jeremy but to promise to go on the following day. During the sleepless night that followed he resolved that he would bide his time for awhile, but renounce all hope of winning Dorá, as she bade him, he could not, if he would. To leave her, was to feel the gates of paradise close against him; and who could tell how long the separation so cruelly imposed by Fate might last? Dorá's eyes, in spite of herself, told Jeremy that she returned his love. Under the circumstances he could hardly tell whether this consciousness caused him most delight or despair.

The next morning the Albergo della Posta was the scene of the wildest excitement; owing to the carelessness of one of the chambermaids, Conrad, Hilda's precious cat, had escaped from the room hired for his special accommodation, and was nowhere to be found. It was said that the bearded Hilda had tried to fling herself out of a window, in which case she must have infallibly landed upon the pig's back; the landlady was in hysterics, and the butcher's boy brought the report that a bushy white cat, large as a goat, breathing fire out of its mouth, had been seen to plunge itself into the Lima, several miles down the valley.

"Please don't go yet; there is a look in Hilda's eyes that frightens me," said Dora, imploringly, laying a trembling hand on Calcott's coat-sleeve. This request was quite superfluous, for that gentleman was devotedly thankful to the delinquent Conrad for giving him a good reason for delay, and he would not have taken himself off for worlds. Presently, the unearthly squalling of a flock of geese on a green plateau on the hillside above, mingled with the lusty yells of the little goosegirl who stood frantically waving the long, blue stocking she was knitting, attracted the general attention of the village.

All of the able-bodied population flew to the rescue. Through clouds of flying fur and feathers, with his blue eyes big as saucers, his whiskers fiercely bristling, his plump Persian tail swinging threateningly to and fro, they saw the doughty Conrad in the thick of the hissing and cackling flock, dealing sturdy blows right and left with his heavy paws. He would plainly have come out with flying colors, routing the enemy gloriously, had not the fiercest gander of the lot attacked him suddenly in the rear, pulling him by the triumphant tail till Conrad lost his balance and presence of mind.

At this critical moment, Hilda, with bare feet, disheveled hair, a shawl trailing after her, and a light toilet rarely seen out of one's bedroom, plunged in among the flock, flung away the irate gander, threw the shawl over the bewildered Conrad, and flew back with him to the hotel.

An hour later, Dora sent for Jeremy. "Hilda is alarmingly ill," she began, in an agitated voice; "the shock of losing Conrad, the chill she took running about the wet grass with bare feet, have had their evil effect. She is either in a raging fever or a dull apathy ever since, both of which look very grave. What can we do? There is no doctor here."

"Carlinio tells me an easy carriage, which brought an invalid up to Abetone yesterday, is going back to the Bagni di Lucca this afternoon. Why not take your sister to the Bagni? She could have every care there."

This most rational suggestion was acted upon, and Conrad and the two sisters were stowed away as comfortably as circumstances permitted in the really commodious vehicle. A few days later Mr. Jeremy Calcott also found it convenient to visit the Bagni di Lucca.

Conrad's escapade had a curious effect on his erstwhile so adoring mistress; when she recovered from the fever his loss caused her, she had totally forgotten his existence; nor of her faithful sister Dora had she slightest recollection more; the shade on her feeble intellect had become a dense cloud, which only the light of another world could penetrate. In a private asylum, her painless, mindless existence continued its march, perhaps into old age—such lives are spared, while useful ones are extinguished in this strange world—but Dora's sacrifice was at an end.

A year later, she and Jeremy were married.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE LATE ALFRED KRUPP.

ALFRED KRUPP, the famous German manufacturer of gigantic steel cannon, who died at his villa near Essen, in Rhenish Prussia, on July 14th, was born in 1812. His father founded the steel works at Essen sixty years ago on a very small scale, employing only two workmen. Alfred, after the works came into his possession, discovered a method of casting steel in large masses. His works became the largest in the world. They now cover about 1,000 acres. Twelve thousand men are employed there, making, with those in the mines, smelting works and other departments of the business, a total of nearly 20,000 men in the employ of the manufacturer. Krupp built good dwelling-houses for his men, pensioned his old employees, and established hospitals and a system of free medical attendance. Besides cast steel, he manufactured machinery and furnished steel articles of all kinds. He began making cannon in 1846. He first manufactured only small field-pieces, but the terrible execution done by his siege-guns at the siege of Paris brought him orders for cannon from all parts of the world. He shared the hatred of his countrymen for France, however, and would sell no cannon to that country. Some of his processes in the manufacture of steel and in cannon-making were kept profound secrets, and the commission appointed by the United States Government a few years ago to study foreign gun foundries were refused permission by Krupp to visit his works.

THE ROYAL PRINCES IN IRELAND.

On Monday morning, the 27th ult., Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales left London on their Irish jaunt, arriving in Dublin the next day. At Kingstown the Lord Lieutenant went on board, with his staff, and welcomed the Princes to Ireland. Their reception by the inhabitants was cordial, Loyalists being in strong force at Kingstown. At Dublin, the Princes were received by the Citizens' Committee. In former times this duty would have fallen to the Mayor and Corporation, but now the Nationalists, who preponderate in that body, held sternly aloof, alleging that the Coercion Bill in Parliament made it impossible for Nationalists to join in Jubilee demonstrations. On the evening of Monday (June 27th) the festivities were begun by an entertainment of the Princes in the fine Hall of King's Inn, by the Benobers. On Tuesday there was a military review in the Fifteen Acres of the Phoenix Park, and in the afternoon a Jubilee service in St. Patrick's

Cathedral, and an Investiture in St. Patrick's Hall, when Prince Albert Victor was made a Knight of the Order of St. Patrick. This ceremony is depicted in the engraving which we reproduce from the *Illustrated London News*. In the evening there was a state banquet at the Viceroyal Lodge. On Wednesday Donnybrook was visited, the object being to lay the foundation-stone of a new wing of the Hospital for Incurables. On Thursday the Princes went to Trinity College, to be present at Commencement. The Lord Lieutenant, Prince Albert Victor, and several eminent men, received honorary degrees. The Princes started for London on the evening of the same day.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S GARDEN PARTY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Queen Victoria's State Garden Party, held during the afternoon of Wednesday, June 29th, in the beautiful grounds at the rear of Buckingham Palace, was attended by all her guests then in London, as well as the whole of the members of her own family, and foreign Ambassadors. The Queen came specially from Windsor, and this was the first time for many years that such an assembly had been graced by her presence. Upon the Queen entering the grounds from the terrace of the Palace, she was received by her foreign guests, all of whom she saluted. She then walked slowly round, shaking hands and conversing with the ladies and gentlemen present, and remained in the gardens until close upon seven o'clock in the evening, when the time had arrived to prepare for the return journey to Windsor.

THE COLUMBUS MONUMENT AT BARCELONA.

Barcelona is proud of being the city where Columbus reported in person to Ferdinand and Isabella his wonderful western voyage and its results. The city is about to rear a magnificent monument to be completed in time for the fourth centenary of the discovery of America. The pedestal has just been cast at the foundry of Alexander Wohlgemuth, and our illustration shows it on its way to its destined site. It is one of the largest castings ever made, weighing 33,000 kilograms; it is 3.6 meters high, 4.30 across, and 40 millimeters thick. It was cast April 23d, and on the 25th of June the first of the four sections of the fluted shaft, each some sixteen feet high, was successfully taken from the mold. Eight lions to stand around the column are also on hand; so that the whole, with chapter and dome, will be executed before the close of the year.

FRENCH ROYALISTS AT JERSEY.

We give a view of the Somerville House Hotel, on the Isle of Jersey, where, on the first anniversary of his expulsion from France, the Comte de Paris lately received deputations of his Monarchist adherents from France. This demonstration in honor of the Pretender recalls to the mind of an English contemporary the days of the successive Emigrations during the First Revolution: "With this difference, however; that then the Monarchists voluntarily quitted French soil, and took up a hostile, and therefore unpatriotic, attitude across the Rhine; whereas now the heir to the French throne is an exile against his will, and if he comes to Jersey, does so with the kindly motive of enabling his followers to see him at the expense of as little sea-sickness as possible. We may be pretty sure that the Comte is too prudent to pose as a serious candidate for the chieftainship of France, unless the French people unmistakably invite him to do so."

ILLUMINATION OF MOUNT HOOD.

FOR several years past the project of illuminating the summit of Mount Hood, one of the few very celebrated snow-capped peaks on the Pacific coast, with red fire, after night, so that it would be visible from Portland, as well as other points in the Willamette Valley and Eastern Oregon and Washington Territory, has been much agitated. Scientific men have become greatly interested in the matter, and have discussed the practicability of the experiment. Mount Hood is located about midway of the gigantic range of Cascade Mountains (that is, measured east and west, across the width), and stands almost due east of Portland. The distance from Portland to the summit of this lofty peak is, on an air line, about sixty miles.

Two years ago the project was first agitated, the projector suggesting that the illumination be made on the night of the 4th of July, in conjunction with the usual celebrations of the national holiday in various parts of the State and adjoining Territory. The experiment was very generally received with skepticism, no one believing such a thing at all feasible. Last year, just before the 4th of July celebrations, the project was again advanced, and pressed upon public consideration. Three young men left Portland in time to reach the summit on the 4th. The arrangement was that the red fire should be placed on the top of the peak, and the fuse be ignited by means of an alarm clock, wound up and set so as to go off at a certain hour of the night. Every detail was arranged, but in consequence of some miscalculation, the machinery began to work about the middle of the afternoon on the 4th. Of course the red fire was ignited, but being daylight, was not visible for any distance.

This year a party of resolute young men, who have had much experience in climbing mountains, fully equipped themselves and started for Mount Hood, determined to demonstrate the practicability of the scheme. There were seven persons in the party, as follows: William G. Steel, J. M. Keene, O. C. Yocum, J. M. Breck, Jr., C. H. Gove, Charles T. Adams and Nels W. Deerham (of the *Oregonian* editorial staff). They took with them one hundred pounds of red fire. On Friday morning, July 1st, they left Portland and headed for the peak. After encountering many hardships, overcoming great obstacles and braving not a few perils, the party succeeded in reaching the summit about the middle of the afternoon of Monday, July 4th.

In ascending the mountain, the red fire was divided in equal parts and distributed among the different members of the expedition. As the alarm-clock arrangement had failed the preceding year, it was determined to make assurance doubly sure by detailing two members of the party to remain on the top, and to touch off the fire at the proper moment. Half-past eleven o'clock on the evening of the 4th was the time designated for the illumination.

After perfecting necessary details, all the party except two descended the peak to Government Camp, some eight miles down the mountain. The two who remained were Steel and Keene. At exactly half-past eleven o'clock a lighted match was applied to the mass of red fire, and instantly a flame sprang up, flashing to the height of several yards and gleaming with an insufferable brightness—so overpowering and dazzling that the two men threw themselves to the ground and hid their eyes from the blinding glare. For one minute the

fire glowed, suffusing the whole side and summit of Mount Hood with a fiery, rosy flood of light; for miles the densely wooded, snow-buried base of the peak and lofty radiating spurs of the mountains were illuminated. A more wonderful, weird and startling effect could not possibly be imagined. The entire western side of the mountain glowed as if covered with a mass of burning, red-hot lava, while stupendous shadows from intervening peaks were projected for miles, far towards the western slopes of the lofty range.

To the other members of the party, halting near the edge of the timber-line, the spectacle was one of overwhelming power and brilliancy. In less than seventy seconds the fierce, penetrating flames subsided, and the vast mountain relapsed into its darkness and gloom.

This most remarkable illumination was seen from the greater portion of Western Oregon, and a large part of Washington Territory lying west of the Cascade Mountains. From some sections the deep, rosy glow must have been plainly visible for a hundred miles, and even for a greater distance. Hundreds of thousands of people witnessed the wonderful sight. So far as known, no experiment of a similar character has ever been attempted or carried out successfully.

While the two members of the party remained near the summit of Mount Hood, they plainly saw the display of fireworks at Portland (sixty miles away), at Fort Vancouver (fifty miles), at Prineville (seventy or eighty miles to the eastward), and at several other points. They describe the effect as grand, beyond the power of tongue or pen to portray.

Recent measurement places the altitude of the mountain at 12,720 feet. On an air line the distance from Portland to the summit is about sixty miles.

J. M. BALTIMORE.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

THERE is talk in Dublin of erecting a statue of Gladstone on one of the public squares.

The French Chamber of Deputies has passed the Army Mobilization Bill by a vote of 172 to 82.

In Ireland 940,000 people speak the Celtic language, and 64,000 of that number speak no other.

The Circuit Court of St. Louis has denied a petition for the incorporation of a faith-once college in that city.

MEISSONIER is said to be almost friendless because of his quarrelsome disposition. His health, also, is now bad.

CHOLERA is spreading in Catania, Italy, where the deaths have reached twenty-five a day. The people are panic-stricken, and robbers are pilfering houses whose owners have fled to escape the scourge.

THE strike in the Pennsylvania coke region is at an end. Since the strike began, eleven weeks ago, forty-eight blast furnaces were compelled to shut down on account of the scarcity of coke. This has reduced the production of pig iron 400,000 tons.

It is said that the Canadian Pacific Railroad has contracted to carry carloads of Australian wool from Victoria, B. C., to Boston and other points on the Atlantic seaboard. This wool was, until this season, brought in sailing-vessels to American ports on the Pacific and shipped over the Northern Pacific Railroad to Boston and other ports.

A DISPATCH received in London last Friday from St. Paul de Loanda, says that on June 2d Stanley started for Wadelai with an escort of five European officers and 380 men, leaving the remainder of the men under an officer in camp on the Aruwimi. At Boma it was thought that it would take Stanley two months to reach Wadelai or meet Emin Bey's camp.

THE *Thistle* is on her way to New York, having sailed from Glasgow on Monday. The *Volunteer*, General Paine's new steel sloop, made a wonderful record on her trial trip off Marblehead, last Thursday, completely outstripping the *Priscilla* and the *Bedouin*. She is ready to meet the Scotch yacht, whose captain seems to be confident of taking back the *America's* cup in the Fall.

THE English volume of congratulatory addresses which the scholars of the Christian Brothers' schools all over the world are going to present to the Pope next December comprises nearly a million children's signatures, and the addresses in the different volumes will represent almost every language of the globe, including strange Indian and Chinese dialects and hieroglyphics from the Polynesian Isles.

AMONG the results of the recent hot weather, a curious occurrence is reported from Indianapolis. A firm in that city received a consignment of eggs packed in boxes. After being in storage for several days, the boxes were opened, and it was discovered that whole layers of eggs were hatching out. When the eggs were all unpacked, the orphaned chicks broke through their shells in rapid succession, all of them in a good state of development, and the report says that it looked as though the entire consignment would hatch eventually. This novelty may have been entirely due to the high temperature, but egg-consumers might reasonably inquire into the age of those particular specimens before putting the whole blame on the thermometer.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

JULY 16TH.—At Long Branch, N. J., Captain Samuel I. Tobias, aged 75 years. July 17th.—In Cincinnati, O., William Glenn, merchant and financier, aged 87 years; in Philadelphia, Pa., Edward Olmstead, one of the oldest members of the Bar of that city, aged 78 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., Dr. Joseph C. Hutchison, aged 60 years; at Long Branch, N. J., Mrs. Henry T. Chanfran, aged 24 years; in Hartford, Conn., David B. Moseley, founder of the *Religious Herald*, aged 74 years; in New York, Samuel D. Walters, a former Tammany leader, aged 85 years. July 18th.—In Philadelphia, Pa., Charles T. Parry, senior member of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, aged 64 years. July 19th.—In London, Eng., Mrs. James P. Scott, of Philadelphia, aged 34 years; in New York, John B. Kitching, prominent in various commercial enterprises, aged 74 years. July 20th.—In Brookline, Mass., Jennie Collins, manager of the charity at "Boffin's Bower," etc., aged 59 years; in Hyde Park, Mass., Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., story-writer; in Brooklyn, N. Y., Daniel O. Calkins, of New York, aged 78 years; in Lockport, N. Y., Mother Emille, American Superior of the Order of Sisters of St. Mary. July 21st.—At Richfield Springs, N. Y., Gerard B. Allen, of St. Louis, aged 74 years. July 22d.—In Wilmington, Del., Joshua T. Heald, aged 67 years; in New York, John Demarest, builder, aged 78 years; at Prince's Bay, S. I., Michael J. Dixon, ice-cream manufacturer, of New York, aged 45 years.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales will celebrate their silver wedding next year.

STEPNIAK, the celebrated Nihilist author, will visit the United States in September.

MRS. CLEVELAND celebrated her twenty-third birthday anniversary on the 21st instant.

REV. DR. R. S. STORRS, the distinguished Brooklyn divine, is ill at Elizabethtown, in the Adirondacks.

THE widow of George L. Lorillard races her horses and looks after her stables and jockeys "just like a man."

PRINCE JEROME NAPOLEON is about to publish a book entitled, "Napoleon I. and his Detractors." It will be a complete *exposé* of Napoleonic ideas.

THE anniversary of the death of President Juarez of Mexico was commemorated by imposing ceremonies at the national capital on the 18th instant.

PRINCE FERDINAND of Saxe-Coburg is an enthusiastic naturalist. He possesses one of the finest ornithological collections in the world and a notable cabinet of precious stones.

THE oldest publisher in New England, Mr. Uriel Crockett, died at Cohasset, Mass., on the 19th inst. He had been identified with bookmaking in Boston for nearly three-quarters of a century.

A STORY that Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, had been killed by natives while looking for supplies, was telegraphed to London last week from St. Thomas, West Africa, but was generally discredited, reports from him to July 3d showing that he was alive and well.

ADVICES regarding the condition of the Crown Prince of Germany say that his throat affection is being rapidly cured. The *Cologne Gazette* states that Dr. Mackenzie's bill for his services, covering the two visits to Germany and his treatment in England, amounts to £2,625.

MR. W. P. FRERET, of New Orleans, has been appointed Supervising Architect of the Treasury Department. Mr. M. E. Bell, the present incumbent of that office, is the last of the Republicans holding positions under the Administration, with the single exception of Surgeon-general Hamilton, to retire.

THOREAU was a botanist. He had a thought that wherever a disease or accident occurs the remedy is near at hand. He mentions, in confirmation of this, that, once walking in a Massachusetts woods, he slipped and bruised his ankle, and at the same moment he saw the remedy, arnica, growing on the spot.

MISS JENNIE COLLINS, who is best known among her other charitable enterprises, for the establishment of "Boffin's Bower," in Boston, in aid of unemployed working-girls, died recently in Brookline, Mass. Her methods of philanthropy were unique, and were carried out with enthusiasm. Miss Collins was one of the first woman anti-slavery workers of her time.

WILSON BARRETT, the English actor, has been playing very successful engagements in Leeds, Birmingham and other provincial cities since his return to England. He has had several theatres in London offered to him, but he has not yet made up his mind as to his future managerial field. Mr. Barrett is looking forward to an early return to the field of his recent triumphs in America.

A PARIS letter mentions that among the new Knights of the Legion of Honor is Mme. Furtado Hein. This lady, an Israelite, is thus honored on account of her numerous charities. She has immense wealth, and lives most luxuriously in the Rue Morceau in Winter, and at the Chateau of Roguen Court, near Versailles, in Summer. Her salon and Sunday receptions are celebrated.

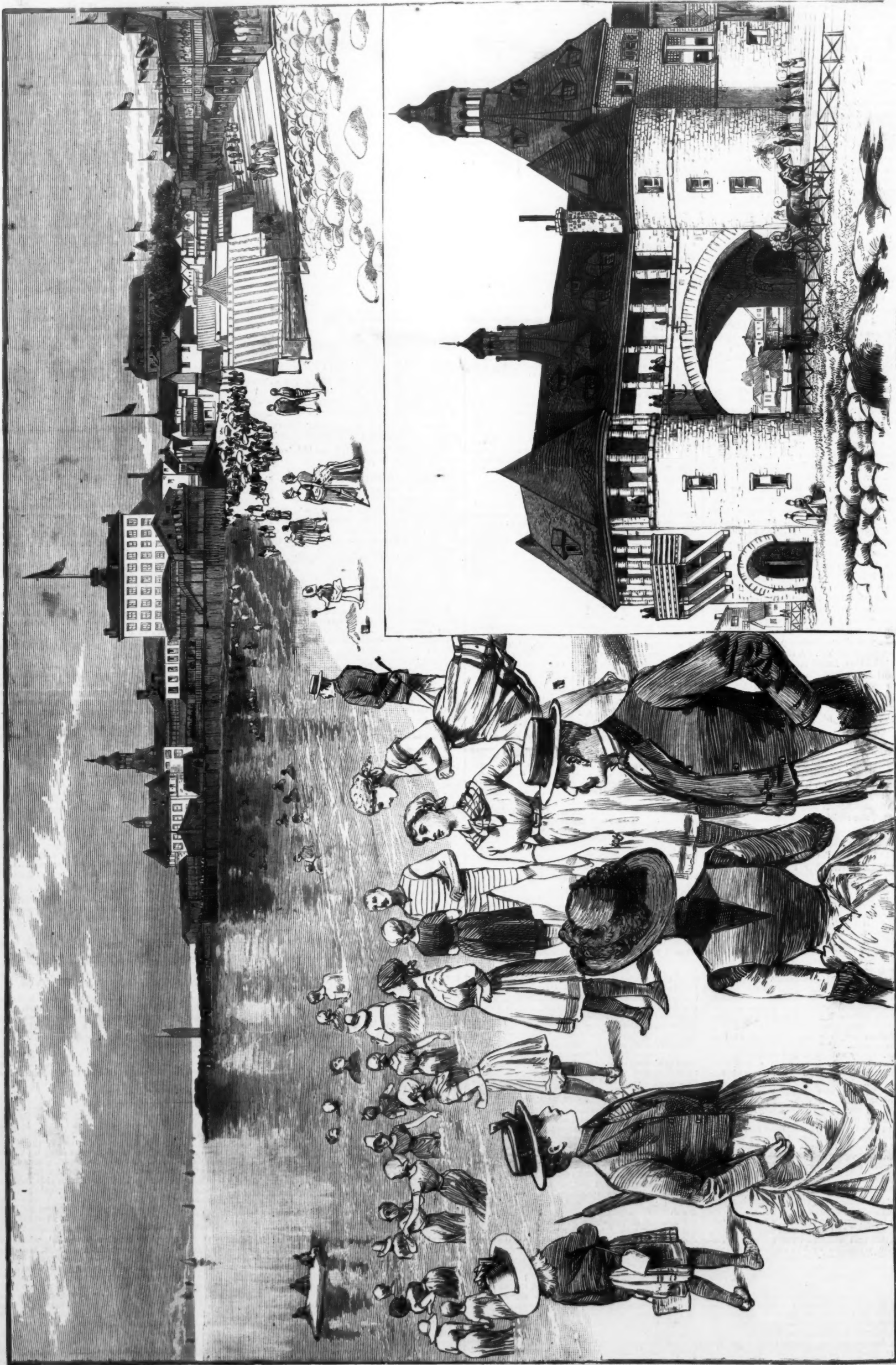
ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL, whose telephones are ringing all over the world, has gone to his Summer home, near Cape Breton, Nova Scotia. He went up there for the first time last Summer, rented a house for \$100 for the season, and liked it so well that this Spring he bought a small island near by for \$500, upon which he is trying to keep cool, with more or less success, these torrid days.

THE oldest man in the world is said to be James James, a colored citizen of the United States, who resides in Santa Rosa, Mexico. He is 135 years old. He was born near Dorchester, S. C., in 1752. He was one of the laborers at Fort Moultrie during the unsuccessful attack by the British fleet in 1776. He was then twenty-four years old. His master, James James, manned one of the guns during the fight. His last owner was Henry James, who moved to Mexico in 1858 in order that his slaves might become free before his death.

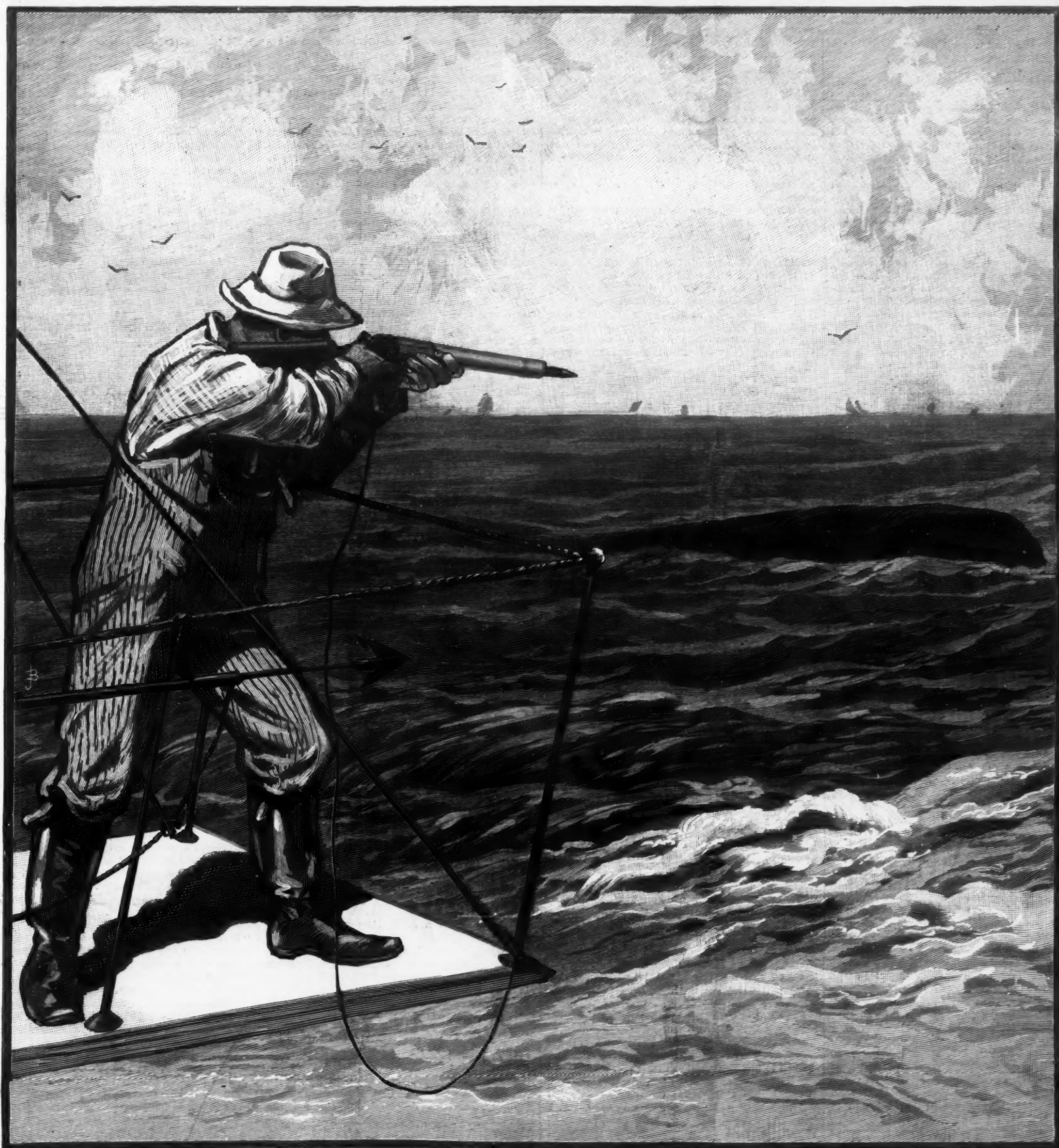
AMONG recent deaths is that of Gerard B. Allen, a prominent citizen of St. Louis. Mr. Allen came to America from Ireland at an early age, and by active industry accumulated a fortune of nearly \$4,000,000. During the war he built ironclads for the Government, established the Anchor Line of steamboats, and helped build the North Missouri Railroad. He organized the St. Louis Gas Trust two years ago, was President of the Merchants' Exchange, owned a controlling interest in the St. Louis *Republican*, and was one of the heaviest real-estate owners in the city.

M. DE LESSEPS has issued a report on the progress of the work on the Panama Canal. In it he renews his protest against the manoeuvres of alleged speculators who, he says, attack the credit of the company in the hope of ruining the enterprise and building some sort of cosmopolitan company on its ruins. After describing the year's work, he announces his intention to visit Panama soon and inspect the canal. The annual report of the company shows a decrease in the former confidence that the canal would be opened in 1889, but expresses the belief that it will be completed soon after that date.

M. KATKOFF, the Russian journalist, whose influence with the Czar has been so great, is said to be so seriously ill that his death may occur at any moment. Katkoff has been the controlling force in Russian politics for thirty years. He it is who has doggedly kept Poland's sores open since 1863, fighting all conciliatory schemes successfully and insisting on brute repression. To him more than to all others is due the persistency in Oriental abuses everywhere, the hideous child of which is Nihilism. In a word, he is the force which has kept Russia what it is. A writer who saw him a month ago describes him as a man of sixty years, of medium height, with gray hair, completely brushed backward in professional fashion, and with an expression of fatigue in his eyes.



RHODE ISLAND.—SUMMER LIFE AT NARRAGANSETT PIER—SCENE ON THE BEACH AT THE BATHING HOUR.
 THE CASINO.
 FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 384.



1. SHOOTING WHALES BY MEANS OF A BOMB-GUN. 2. CUTTING UP.

PICTURESQUE NEW ENGLAND INDUSTRIES.—WHALING OFF CAPE COD.

FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 394.

A WEB OF FATE:

A ROMANCE OF THE SIGNAL SERVICE.

By LIEUTENANT RODNEY.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONVERGING LINES.

ON the night of that day when Sol Cramm heard of his cousin's death, and Rupe Moth resolved to set out for Germany, about twelve o'clock, when all the house seemed asleep, Hilda was leaning with crossed arms on the window of her bedroom. Mrs. Takeswood, when she and Hilda were shut in for the night, had indulged in a pipe; the pipe ended, she had taken a surreptitious cup of brandy from her secret stores, and had treated herself to a little opium, after which indulgence she had sunk into oblivion, her one earthly good. The air of the room being dense with smoke and brandy, Hilda, who for weeks had been sleeping little, dressed herself, and opening the window, leaned out into the night. All was starlight and still; a pure, refreshing frostiness was in the air. As she leaned from the window, a figure, leading a saddled horse, came from the stable, and moved quietly down until opposite her. There, the figure appeared that of Rupe Moth, though she had known him under another name. He made a few steps towards her, and said, softly, "Miss Calvert?"

"Yes," said Hilda. She had grown accustomed to the people.

"I am going away."

"Now?"

"Yes; probably I shall never come back. Will you bid me good-by? I feel as if I should like some one to say that. My father has not thought of it. He is asleep."

"Your father? Who is your father?" asked Hilda.

"Sol Cramm. I have been imposing on you—I thought I must tell you—but it has done you no harm."

Hilda sighed deeply.

Rupe stepped a little nearer. "We have treated you badly. We thought we could make some money out of you. We are going to give it up. Sol Cramm will send word to Prescott, to the sheriff, and he will come here for you and restore you to your friends. It will be done soon, in two or three days. Only you must not let Takeswood or the old woman know. You look as if this was killing you. Your face is as white as snow in this light. I'm sorry for my part; I don't deserve to be forgiven for it."

"I will forgive you," said Hilda. "I hope you will do better."

"Perhaps I shall. The way I have done looks ugly enough."

"Are you deceiving me now?" asked Hilda.

"No; I tell you plain truth. You will soon be with your friends."

"Where are you going?"

"To Germany—a cousin is dead, and his property will come to me."

"Good-by, then," said Hilda.

Rupe took off his hat. Then he swung himself into the saddle, behind which his portmanteau was strapped, and Hilda saw him no more. There had been a sincerity in the man's tones that convinced her, and a joyous hope came into her soul, that once more she should be safe among her friends; that Mrs. Moray's love and care should be over her; that she should see Kenneth and Hertha. Since Francis told her of Kenneth's eager pursuit, she had taken great comfort in the thought that she was not forgotten.

The next day, when Sol Cramm rambled off, Hilda watched him go, and wondered if he were now about to send that message to secure her rescue. Perhaps he would go and give the word, and she should never see him again. Truly, she never saw him again.

Takeswood went off, following Cramm; the Mexican servants idled over their work; the old woman nodded in her chair; Hilda began to sing.

Out of the hope of her heart she sang songs and hymns and ballads that she had learned long ago, and which had pleased Mr. Calvert, and Mr. and Mrs. Moray.

"What's the matter?" said the old woman, rousing up. "You seem very happy. One would think you had got to your friends!"

"Some day I shall get to them," said Hilda. "God will deliver me."

"I don't want to hear about that," said the old woman, uneasily. "If He comes round here to deliver you, it's likely He'll bethink Himself and stir up to pay us back for carrying you off."

"If you think that," said Hilda, "you had better meet Him halfway, by taking me back. Those that repent are forgiven. There is a verse in the Bible that says, 'Agree with thine adversary quickly whilst thou art in the way with him.'"

"I know a better way than that," said Mrs. Takeswood. "When you've got so great and strong an adversary as God, you'd best keep out of His way altogether. This is a very out-of-the-way place, and not much people to call Him round here, unless you do it a-saying of your prayers, which I wish you wouldn't. That's all I've got agin you—sayin' of your prayers."

"I must say them," said Hilda; "and I should be sorry to think I had got somewhere where God was not."

"If you talk like that," whined her keeper, "I can't eat any dinner. Ain't those women putting it on the table?"

"Yes. It is noon."

"And where are those men?"

"They went off that way," said Hilda, pointing.

"I'm uneasy," said the old woman—"uneasy. There's bad blood between them two, and they'll be murderin' one another. I never have had a good time in this world. Takeswood's father was a house-breaker. My folks did not want me to

have aught to do with him, but I would; I knew what he was, but when he ran off from Sweden I went with him. I never saw Sweden again. He got killed in a fight; you remember, when your old grannie lived in my house, you brought me a black bonnet and shawl; you were with the rich man who dopted you. Takeswood's just like his father. My life's worn out of me. When I was down in Antelope Camp, afore you come here, there was a woman from Sweden, dressed just as they dressed when I was young, and a young girl—ten times handsomer than you; her name was Hertha Axel. She had a dog, a good bit like the one that was here."

"How far is Antelope Camp?" demanded Hilda, eagerly.

"Can you see those men coming along the road? Let's have our dinner. They may stay all day. I'm worried to death. Antelope Camp is 'bout thirty mile that way. If so be damage happens to Takeswood, you an' me will go to Antelope, to that Axel girl."

Hilda was too excited to eat. Hertha so near her! Had not Jörn reached her in all these days? If she had known in the early morning that Cramm and Takeswood would stay so long, and Hertha was so near, she believed she would have risked galloping off alone towards Antelope Camp.

Afternoon passed, the old woman sleeping, then rousing to say she was "worried to death," and to prognosticate evil. Night fell, and none of the men returned. Hilda, who had slept little the night before, lay down in her clothes and slumbered profoundly, until she was roused by some one shaking her. It was Mrs. Takeswood, her gray hair falling wildly around her haggard face, her eyes red and fierce in the early morning light.

"Wake up! wake up! Why do you sleep so? The Mexican women and Carlos sleep just so. I can't sleep. They have not come back! They have murdered each other. I am going out to seek for them."

Hilda sat up. From her heart she pitied this wicked old mother of a wicked son. "Wait a little," she said. "I will rouse up the women, and have them get breakfast for you. Then you will be stronger to go out, and I will go with you. My eyes and ears are better than yours. Wash yourself and wrap up; you can do more if you feel stronger. Don't be frightened. They may have gone to Prescott."

"Not together. They're much more likely to have gone to hell—that's the only place they'd go in company. All night I have thought of fearsome things I heard minister say in pulpit at Sweden. Do you believe what ministers say?"

"Yes," responded Hilda, who had taken off her dress, and let her hair down over her shoulders, preparing for the morning toilet.

"It's bad believing," said the old woman, with a groan.

The women were called up, and made ready breakfast; then one was left to attend to the house, while the other, with Carlos, her husband, set off in one direction to search for the missing men, and Hilda and Mrs. Takeswood in another.

They roamed about until noon. Finally Mrs. Takeswood stopped, saying she must give up. She looked towards the sky and saw the vultures wheeling. She pointed them out, with a skinny finger, to Hilda.

"Them wheels over dead bodies, an' eats 'em," she said, in an awesome whisper.

"Sit here," said Hilda, "and I will follow this steep path—if I get up high, I can perhaps see over more country."

She climbed the rugged path, reached the little plateau, saw that it was much trampled and torn, leaned over the edge of the precipice, and there was Takeswood swinging in a tree. After she had spoken to him she ran down the path.

"I have found your son. He has fallen over the cliff into a tree. He can speak, but he is hurt. You go up there and stay by him, and I will run back, to get Carlos, the women, and some rope."

Hilda had forgotten all about being afraid. She was very sorry for this wretched old woman, who was still a mother, and Takeswood had been such a miserable spectacle, hanging in the tree. She took the shortest way to the adobe, and found Carlos just coming up.

"We have found him, Carlos. He is hurt. We need you, and both the women. Strap two blankets on the mare, so that I can ride back. Get all the ropes you can."

She ran into the house and searched out Mrs. Takeswood's flask of brandy and some biscuits. A year of trials had changed timid, nervous Hilda into a heroine as self-reliant and quickwitted as Kenneth or Hertha. The Mexicans followed her orders with docility and promptitude. In an hour they were back at the cliff, and saw Takeswood yet hanging in the tree.

"Takeswood!" cried Hilda. "Now we can save you. We will tie some brandy and biscuits to a rope and throw them into your tree. Eat and drink, so you will be able to help yourself."

She shook the flask, to see that there was not too much in it; tied it and the biscuits in her kerchief; and Carlos, after one or two trials, swung them into Takeswood's reach. After dismal groaning the wretched man got the brandy to his lips, then ate some biscuit, and after fifteen minutes seemed a little strengthened.

"Tie that rope round your waist, to help you if you slip!" cried Hilda. "Crawl down to the root of the tree."

Takeswood slowly obeyed. Meanwhile Carlos made a loop in a much thicker rope, and tied it to the first. When Takeswood reached the root he stopped a while, overcome. Then he finished his brandy, and by Hilda's direction put the loop of the large rope under his arms. Hilda and Carlos had examined the ground, and they believed that by staying Takeswood with the rope and helping

him along by it, he could manage to come, not straight up, but by winding around the cliff, and finally crawling to the top.

It took over an hour for the injured man to accomplish this. Stones and shrubs to which he clung broke from the soil under his grasp. Again and again he hung sustained wholly by the rope, which the Mexicans held. Again and again he lay on his face, entirely exhausted. Meanwhile the old woman sat, her face on her knees, rocking to and fro, and moaning. She did not look up until her son was laid at her feet, senseless. Then she screamed and wrung her hands over him, but it was Hilda that drenched his swollen and wounded face and hands in oil, covered them with the handkerchiefs she had brought, poured water down his throat, and had the Mexicans lay him in one of the blankets that had been on the horse, and so carry him home. Once there, it was Hilda that bid them make up a clean bed, bid them wash the fevered man, and give him food and medicine.

While her orders were being executed, Hilda sat outside the door, and the bridled mare being near her, it was a sore temptation to mount and try to make Antelope Camp. But she did not know the road, and it was far from safe to ride alone; it would be night before she got there; and suppose in these months Hertha had gone!

"We has done all," said Carlos, coming from his patient.

Hilda took up a pitcher of lemonade she had prepared, and carried it in to Takeswood, who drank feverishly.

"Shall we send Carlos for a doctor?" asked Hilda.

"No."

"Where is Sol Cramm?"

"He is dead."

"Did you kill him?" cried the old woman.

"No. He fell into the gully."

"You pushed him in?" asked Hilda, horrified.

"No—so help me, no! We were struggling for papers. We both fell over. I caught—he went down."

"I shall get no help from Sol Cramm," thought Hilda. "I must risk riding to Antelope to-morrow, while Takeswood is too sick to hinder me. I will get one of the women to go with me."

No one had taken from Hilda a little gold watch that she had on when captured. She had also a little ring with an opal set in pearls. She would give the watch to one of the Mexican women, to pay her for going with her, and the ring she would sell at the camp, if Hertha was gone, and with the price go to Prescott and throw herself on the protection of the magistrates, or to Phoenix, to the same hotel where she had been with Kenneth, and where the landlady would help her.

Takeswood fell into a heavy sleep, his mother sitting by him. When he woke, his mind wandered, but finally he said:

"The girl! The girl!"

Mrs. Takeswood called Hilda.

Takeswood looked at her intently.

"It's no use. We all got ill-luck by you. Ah Wing's gone, Sol's dead, Rupe Moth—"

"He's gone to Germany, night before last—he told me so. I saw him start. He has inherited property," said Hilda.

"What else did he tell you?"

"He said Cramm would let my friends know where I was."

"Cramm's dead. To-morrow you will write a letter to Prescott, and one to Phoenix, and tell 'em to send for you, and your friends will pay 'em. Carlos can take the letter. Don't come down on the old woman for it. She didn't go to do it."

"I shall not harm any of you," replied Hilda.

"You can't harm me—my game's up," said Takeswood.

He slept and moaned. Hilda had seen but little of illness, but she suspected this was brain fever. She wrote her letter, then went to bed. Mrs. Takeswood sat beside her son's bed in the middle room. A fire blazed on the hearth, and before it lay Carlos, asleep, curled up on the ground like a dog. The two women, wrapped each in a gay Mexican blanket, slept in a corner. As the night passed on, Mrs. Takeswood slept also. About four o'clock came a rush of hoofs along the road, a confusion of voices, a leaping from saddles, and a vigorous pounding on the door, which woke all the inmates of the adobe. Takeswood's pallet was between the outer door and the door of Hilda's room. The old woman sat behind it. She roused at the noise and straightened up, but there was a dull apathy of misery in her eyes. Carlos and the women sat up in their places, but no one moved to open the door, therefore the door was broken open by two or three strong shoulders being set against it, and as it burst in, Baron von Helde walked into the room, with a revolver in his hand, and close behind him came six men, all armed and eager.

They stopped short at the spectacle of the apartment, lit only by the wavering flames of the hearth; the three drowsy Mexicans in gay blankets, the white pallet and its unconscious occupant, and the desolate old crone watching over it. As they looked, the inner door behind Mrs. Takeswood opened, and forth came Hilda. She had in her hand a little Mexican oil lamp, shaped like a boat, and it threw its feeble gleam over her beautiful, pale face, and over the luxuriance of her raven hair; she had dressed hastily, and one slender hand, where gleamed the pearl and opal ring, held a shawl about her shoulders.

She came up behind Mrs. Takeswood.

The baron advanced rapidly towards her.

The pallet of Takeswood was between them.

"Young lady, who are you?" demanded the baron.

"I am Brunhilda Calvert."

"Do you—belong here?"

"No. I have been kidnapped and kept here."

"Do you know Hertha Axel?"

"Yes!"

"She has sent us for you—from Antelope."

"And you will take me to her!" cried Hilda, running to the baron and clasping his hand.

"Yes. As soon as you choose. Is your real name Calvert?"

"I do not know my real surname. I suppose I was born in Germany. Mr. Calvert adopted me."

"Tell me one thing," cried the baron; "this Hertha—is she truly Hertha Axel, Sen Axel's daughter?"

"Yes, certainly."

The baron began to believe he had made some great mistake.

"Do you know Mr. and Mrs. Moray?"

"They are my guardians. I must go to them."

"As soon as you are ready," said the baron.

He looked at the girl before him. He could not doubt his own eyes; she was the living image of her mother, whom he well remembered. No doubt she was his cousin, the true heiress of Von Helde.

"I am safe now," said Hilda, looking into his face with a smile.

The others of the night visitors had kept silence. Now one broke out:

"Where is Sol Cramm, the giant-powder man?"

"He is dead," said Hilda; "he was killed yesterday, or day before."

"Where is Takeswood?"

"Here—in this bed—he is dying."

"He's not too far gone to hang!" cried one.

The old woman shrieked. Hilda sprang to the pallet, and laid her arm across Takeswood's chest. She looked into the fierce eyes of the vigilance committee.

"He is dying," she said, "and here is his mother. He is her only son. Let him die in peace. She has been very good to me, and they have not harmed me, only that they have kept me here, and to-day he told me where to write to get help. Let him die in peace."

In her beauty and earnestness she controlled this respectable mob like children.

"Let the man be," said the baron; "he is going to weightier judgment than you can give him."

"Where is Rupe Moth? Where is Ah Wing?" cried the miners.

"Ah Wing disappeared a long while ago; and Moth started for Germany a few days since."

"Ah!" said the baron, softly; "he can be handled there."

Hilda had drawn near him again. She felt there was some sympathy, some likeness between them.

"Rupe Moth is sorry," she said, in his ear, "and he is not so bad as he might be. He is going to start new in life, perhaps."

"All these are your enemies," said the baron, regarding her.

"Yesterday they were; but now I am safe from them, they are enemies no longer."

All the strangers had made a circle round the wide hearth.

"Carlos," said Hilda, "go rub those horses and feed them. Dolores—Concha, come, make coffee—set a meal for these gentlemen."

She turned to the baron.

"You will rest and eat, and wait until broad daylight before we go away."

There now was a quiet, gracious dignity about her that struck the baron.

"I believe you are a true Von Helde," he said.

"I am Alexis von Helde, your cousin; I have searched for you five months. Indeed, for years I have been seeking for you."

"And now you have found me," said Hilda, her eyes shining at him.

"When I found your friend Hertha, down at Antelope, I made sure she was the one I sought, the lost daughter of Von Helde. Your home in Germany waits for you."

"I shall never have any German home—my heart is here. Are not both my parents dead?"

"Both dead; I am your only kin."

"You shall be my brother," said Hilda, putting her hand in his.

The baron said nothing. He clasped the slender hand a moment. He was examining his heart and his future. He had expected to marry the heiress of Von Helde, if he found her. He had found her, she was charming, but his heart was in the keeping of a girl with golden hair. Before him stood a new altar reared to love; on it should he offer in sacrifice his title, his fortune, the noble home that he loved and for seventeen years had possessed—himself?

Hilda went into her room with her little lamp. She prepared herself for her journey. When she returned the breakfast was being laid on the table; the baron had left the room. Hilda went to Mrs. Takeswood.

"I am going away. I am very sorry for you. Is there anything I can do for you? Shall I send a doctor?"

"No," said the old woman, scarcely rousing from her stony silence. "I am glad I was no worse to you. I shall be glad you are gone."

The baron came in and took the head of the table. Hilda sat opposite him; three of the Antelope men were on each side of the table, lit with little lamps of Mexican pottery. Dolores and Concha waited. Hilda poured out the coffee; it was a quaint but orderly meal this, amid the thick adobe walls, the earthen floor, the dying man in the background, and the poorly provided table, where first the Baron and Baroness von Helde ate bread and salt together!

"I have prepared a pillow for you; you will ride behind me," said the baron to Hilda.

The sun was rising as they rode away. The three Mexicans stood staring on the threshold. The baron headed the little band of armed horsemen. On blankets folded into a pillow sat Hilda, behind the baron, her arm around his waist. Her eyes flashed, her cheeks flushed with hope and joy.

In ancient days, probably, the baron's ancestors had ridden forth thus, with their retainers at

their heels, and had carried back their brides riding behind them, to the tower beside the Ose; possibly they had stolen their brides as did the "men of Benjamin," or the Sabines.

(To be continued.)

"AM RHEIN."

"Am I awake, or dreaming,
Dreaming of the Rhine?"

IT is like a dream to be floating on between these green German shores, on the breast of the storied German river—even though we be units in a vast crowd of tourist nonentity on the deck of the *Deutscher Kaiser*. I have dreamed of it for years; but in my visions the sky was always warm and golden with a cloudless sunset, and the river blue as heaven between its vine-clad banks. Today, alas! is but a raw, gray outrage upon July, with a nipping and an eager wind, and the Rhine is brown and muddy to the last degree; so dismal in hue that my guide yesterday, on the spire of Cologne Cathedral, was obliged to apologize for the same, and explain that, although usually of a *Himmelblau*, it was at present beclouded from a long season of rains in France. But brown or blue, it is the Rhine! and F. and I, with one eye upon our pink-covered "Rhine Panorama," are able to rejoice, and quote Heine even, apropos of the clouds:

"Die formlosen grauen
Töchter der Luft."

Sailing up from Cologne, the land on either side the river is flat and green, with no hills except the far-off peaks of the *Liebes Gebirge*, until we come in sight of the *Drachensfels*. There is the "castled crag," a steep, sudden, massy height, crowded with its brown, crumbling ruin, overhanging the broad, lazy flow of the river, our puffing, crowded little steamer and the quaint Rhine boats with their curving keels and velvety black and russet sails. This is the first of those old fastnesses, watch-towers whence the medieval barons looked down on the passing world beneath them, and swooped like falcons upon the prey. High, isolated crags, whose steep peaks just hold the massy stone foundations of the crumbled shell; a few broken walls, an empty arch or two, a mat of dark, glistening ivy, and rain and snow, sunshine and shadow, wind and moonlight filling the hollow ruin where generations of strong, sensuous, savage lives fought and stormed themselves through their little course until

"The rest is silence."

It is proper for Americans to draw invidious comparisons between the Hudson and the Rhine, but one might as well discuss the respective splendors of Westminster Abbey and a peak of the Yosemite. The beauty of the Rhine is not a matter of breadth or volume, the steepness of its banks or the sweep of its hills; the eye cannot measure it; one sees it only by

"The light that never was on sea or land."

When the sun comes out at last, and warms the whole picture into color—striking sparkles from the brown water, flushing the green meadows and steep, climbing vineyards with gold, and the rocky terraces with purple; when the warm blue lies all about the gray ruins, and the sunshine touches their crumbled edges, and paints rich blackness of shadow in their angles; when the craggy peaks crowd nearer, rising in solemn ranks, and the narrowing river brings us nearer to the white-walled villages nestling at their feet, and painted tiles and freakish bits of carving and old stone balconies and Madonnas in their shrines take shape for us in the moving picture along the water's edge, what a poor bald chart of mere rock and wood and water seems Hendrick Hudson's unstoried river of yesterday!

All day long we follow the windflugs of the "lieb Vater Rhein," and I spare myself small time for dinner in the cabin, where English and Americans in hordes hustle about out of sight the knife-playing German element. Heine haunts me all the way, and to-day his songs seem to me all so many translations of the Rhine into human language.

The afternoon passes into cloudless, golden splendor; the air grows warm and tender, and the day and the world are all as perfect as a dream. The long shadows stretch further up the steep crags; the terraced vineyards, mile upon mile, grow gray and purple, and the vines are all golden; then the sun goes down over Bingen, and the last billows of the *Johannesberg* stand out clear and rosy violet in the dying glow. The night falls at last, but "we have passed all the scenery," they tell me—the sail up the Rhine is over.

Maintz receives us with twinkling lights in all its quaint old streets, and the Karpfen gives us shelter within a stone's throw of the Cathedral, where the sweet carillons ring and ring all night long through my dreams. A dear little dark Old World town is Maintz; an ill-smelling town, but that is nothing—to a tourist. Five minutes' walk through a narrow, dark *gasse*, in the fresh morning after an early breakfast, brings us into the open square called "Liebfrauen Platz," and the *lieben Frauen*, in the shape of strong, blue-linsey-clad marketwomen, are swarming there with booths and baskets. On one side is a great barracks, and a pacing sentinel, who roars at us in German, as we cross some apparently sacred and forbidden precinct within his round; at right angles is the Cathedral, dark, gloomy and half hidden by the dingy little houses that in the strange Continental fashion are built close against its walls. The noisy, chattering peasant women set down their great baskets from their heads—such a heavy load of carrots and leeks, potatoes and huge-headed cabbages!—throw off the pad where it rests, and pass in, one by one, to the cool, damp darkness of the great silent church. Their heavy foot echo on the chill stone floor, but there is no other sound as I steal in among them; the high altars are quite dark; only dim, scattered tapers burn at a little side chapel here and there, and a broad ray of sunshine strikes through an old stained window and kindles a million jewels as it falls down one of the massy columns where a bishop's effigy is carved. The marketwomen drop on their knees at the bare wooden *prie-dieu* ranged between the columns, and say their short prayers simply, their brown, knotted fingers moving slowly along the rosaries, and their lips moving with them. Beside one of the women—her basket at her side—kneels a yellow-haired young officer in his tight, unwrinkled uniform, the point of his long sabre trailing on the stone pavement, and his shining helmet at his knee. He is young and handsome, and a German—and "a German's need," so one of them once told me, "is the multiplication table"—but how devoutly and like a child he prays there beside the brown-faced, homely *Bauerin*!

All the dead are praying, too, on their cool, niched monuments; stiff, quaint fifteenth-century burghers and nobles, all on their knees in square shrines against the walls. I love to study the portraiture of the faces, so homely and faithful, with the subtle family look traced down from father and mother, kneeling face to face, with the crucifix between them, to the last small child crowded almost out of sight behind his brothers in the background. What a sweet holy old fashion it was, that has left us the images of these dead-and-gone households, kneeling for ever in the places where they knelt in life, within sound of the chanted Masses, within sight of the altar of their God on earth!

We wandered all over the little town, between sun and showers, that day, and made many discoveries of architectural treasures in narrow streets and *gassen*, and many acquaintances among sellers of photographs and *bric-a-brac*. It is with a kind of pleasing anguish that I always cross the mysterious thresholds of these dark litter shops, where the unconsidered legacies of centuries lie heaped together on dusty shelves, and coiled in narrow drawers—an anguish that none but a born collector knows. Oh, for an inexhaustible purse, for an illimitable trunk, that I might possess myself of all these treasures at one clutch!

—brazen lanterns, tryptichs of brown saints and jeweled holy families, rusty keys, thumb-rings rough with gems and quaint devices, reliquaries, chains, tapestries, lamps and tankards, apostle mugs and spoons, silver bracelets and iron gauntlets, crucifixes in wood and ivory, rosaries and jewel-caskets, trousseau-chests like sarcophagi of blackened oak, and Heaven knows what more besides, strayed down to us from those Middle Ages, when the world had a secret of beauty, but lost since then! One of these shops I remember with a special joy, although in it I made no purchase. It was kept by a plethoric little man with a large, smooth-shaven face, who gave me a piercing and not a welcoming look as I walked in and bade him, after the gracious Continental fashion, a "Guten morgen."

In elaborately concocted German sentences I explained that I wished to look, not to buy, and he was pleased to point out a few choice bits here and there, and to direct my attention to a most heart-breaking tray of rings, reliquaries and such like odds and ends, that lay upon the counter. Suddenly fixing me with his eye, and without the smallest preface, he burst out upon me: "Why is it that your countrywomen have so little faith? You are *Americanerin*, *nicht wahr*?" I gasped out an affirmative, and was girding myself up, so to speak, for a feeble defense of the religious convictions of my country, when the little man launched out into an impassioned harangue: "They were all alike—the Americans and the English—they put no trust in the word of man—they were always watching and expecting to be cheated. They believed not—they had no manners—they rushed, one and all, into a man's shop—so!"—and here he bolted like a catapult from behind the counter, out at the door, and re-entered with a defiant stalk in the character of a female tourist. With lively action, and a perfect hailstorm of gutturals, he depicted the fair ones who take no notice of the shopman's greeting, who toss over the stock, pull about and finger everything, and turn their three German phrases, "Is this old?" "How much?" "Too dear!" and then turn their backs and march out again. All this was hurled upon me, not as a personal reflection upon my own shortcomings—or so I hope and trust—but rather as a long pent-up torrent which must pour itself out regardless of what it breaks upon. I take great credit to myself for having understood at least three-fourths of all this eloquence; luckily I had no need to struggle for words to reply, for no chance of reply was given me. When he had finished, he wiped his brow and leaned upon the counter, and I took up my umbrella and moved towards the door. "Although an American," I said, with what I considered a gentle emphasis, "I wish you good-morning!" and then we both bowed profoundly, and I escaped into the street. I have no doubt but that he felt immeasurably better for his harangue; and I was deeply grateful for the ten minutes' oral practice in what Charlotte Brontë calls "that crabbed but glorious Deutsch."

Maintz is delicious from the musty antiquarian and architectural point of view, but Heidelberg, whither we turn our steps next, is a dream of beauty—beauty of hill and valley, and crag and river, town and ruin, side by side on the fair banks of the Neckar. The Neckar Valley, with its winding river, falls into the broad, sunny plain where the Rhine goes gleaming down to Holland and the sea; from the wooded hillsides and the terraces of the old ruined Schloss one looks away over the meeting of the two. The Schloss crowns the low range of hills above the old town; across the Neckar rises another long forest-clad chain, sloping down to green fields and meadows, and a winding footpath rising from the Neckar, which the Guide-book calls the "Philosophen-Weg." We are always expecting to see stray *Philosophen* taking their pleasure there, but never a one appears. Opposite to us, at a *table d'hôte*, sits a personage whom we take to be one of the august body—a thin gentleman, with long, dusty locks and weak, blinking eyes, who absorbs his knife to the hilt at every mouthful. It is at this particular *table d'hôte*, by-the-way, that an English-speaking waiter steals up to B—, and in a low, confident manner announces: "We have English bread!" "Take it away!" shouts B—, in consternation. "Bring me none of that stuff!" and glares his wrath at the helpless youth who reminds him of our late heavy experience in "cottage-houses" and half-queaters.

I look over my note-book, and there are pages on pages about the ruined castle, the "Gespenge Thurm," that mighty, half-fallen tower, whose twenty-foot-thick walls are cloven by gunpowder as a knife cuts down a slice of cheese—the old frescoes of the thirteenth century, the great kitchen and the banquet-hall, and all the nooks and corners of emptiness that time and war and ruin have left—rambling pictures of the long walks and drives through forests, and fields where the blue-gowned and white-kierchiefed women are working, sweeping the sickle with strong brown arms like a man's. I was in love with Heidelberg, and could dream over it through endless pages, but you have looked long enough through these notes of mine. And after all, you could never see it as I saw it, though I wrote for ever to show you!

G. A. DAVIS.

THE EXTERMINATION OF THE BUFFALO.

WHEN early pioneers and adventurers began to penetrate the country lying to the westward of the Missouri River, they returned with marvelous accounts of the enormous quantities of large game, especially of buffalo, which roamed

in vast and countless herds over the ranges of the immense country, which at that time was known as the Great American Desert. Finding subsistence in the luxuriant native grasses that grew naturally in the high and dry altitudes of the plains region, these hardy animals found no difficulty in maintaining existence throughout the entire year. They moved from one region to another as the supply of herbage decreased, and sought shelter, in the more inclement weather, in the gulches and ravines that serve very often to break the sometimes dreary monotony of the eastern divide. Some of the stories told at the present day, when the bison has become practically extinct, as to the number of these animals, seem almost fabulous.

In the early days—prior to the building of the great Pacific railroads—*Bos Americanus* about held his own, and his numbers have been variously estimated at from twelve to twenty millions, ranging from the Gulf to the further Saskatchewan.

When the Union Pacific Road first started towards the setting sun the slaughter commenced, and who could then have prophesied that in twenty short years these immense herds would be reduced to a paltry few hundred? But such is the case, as at the present time there are known to exist on the American Continent not more than four hundred of these animals. These few straggling members of a once vast multitude are scattered near and far. A small herd now roams in the Staked Plains of Texas; another small and rapidly thinning band was heard of last Autumn as inhabiting the wildest and most inaccessible portion of the Bad Lands of Dakota; a small herd of about fifty animals is confined to the Yellowstone Park, under Government protection, and the largest and wildest herd of bison, numbering when seen last about two hundred head, has sought out, if such it can find, a hiding-place from the ever-threatening muzzles of the Sharps and Winchester far up in the heart of the British possessions.

Travelers who penetrated the trans-Missouri country twenty or twenty-five years ago have related that they have seen vast droves, which, traveling in a quick trot of eight miles per hour, took sometimes as much as from three to eight hours to pass a given point. In the early days of Western railroading trains were sometimes delayed for many hours waiting for the buffalo to pass. Railroad construction parties and overland travelers subsisted almost entirely on buffalo meat. When General Crook was campaigning in Montana, close to the British line, in 1877-78, large numbers were still to be seen. On one occasion a herd estimated by an experienced plainsman to contain 100,000 was seen; but the opening of the Northern Pacific brought in the usual death-dealing weapons, and the buffalo succumbed to the advance of civilization; and during the years from 1881 to 1885 the catch of hides rapidly fell from tens of thousands, till in the latter year only some three hides were marketed in St. Paul.

Agents of the Smithsonian Institute, hearing of these facts, were suddenly reminded that the great museum possessed no specimens of this native American ruminant, and a party was hurriedly started out to make good the neglect. Arriving at Miles City, Mont., they made inquiries of ranchmen and hunters as to where they could find any buffalo, but apparently no one could tell them, and it was only after securing guides and scouring a large portion of the adjoining territory that they finally obtained, with much difficulty, some half-dozen specimens. In fact, so scarce has the buffalo become, that a mounted head is now quoted at from \$75 to \$150. Sentimentalists have often urged that Congress should take steps to protect these animals, but military counsels have overruled all such advice; the theory being that if the buffalo were exterminated, the red man would have less excuse to go upon hunting excursions, and would thus be more securely chained to the reservations. Over those vast and treeless plains where once the buffalo roamed in such countless herds as to make the very earth tremble, to-day are to be seen the more domestic long-horned steer, immense droves of sheep and innumerable horses, and the former haunts of the buffalo have become the greatest stock-growing region in the world.

The illustration given herewith depicts the capture of the last buffalo in the Bad Lands of Western Dakota.

T. B. E.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CULTIVATED in groves, the average growth in twelve years of several varieties of hard wood has been ascertained to be about as follows: White maple reaches 1 foot in diameter and 30 feet in height; ash, leaf maple or box elder, 1 foot in diameter and 20 feet in height; white willow, 18 inches and 40 feet; yellow willow, 18 inches and 35 feet; Lombardy poplar, 10 inches and 40 feet; blue and white ash, 10 inches and 25 feet; black walnut and butternut, 10 inches and 20 feet.

A FRENCH *savant* has propounded a theory that coal was originally a liquid generated by the decomposition of inferior vegetation in an atmosphere highly charged with carbonic acid. The carbon of the jelly-like mass thus formed, after passing through various transformations into asphalt, petroleum, bitumen, etc., finally assumed the form of coal. The author cites various facts connected with the occurrence of coal, which, he thinks, are better explained on his theory than by the usual one.

A BIRMINGHAM firm is making an ear in which the blade is made from the best sheet steel, highly tempered. It is put forward as being much stronger than the ordinary wooden one, and cannot be broken without undue violence. The handle fits into a socket running nearly the whole length of the blade, and forming a backbone of great strength. The ear being much thinner in the blade than the wooden ones, enters and leaves the water cleaner. The handles are made separately, of the ordinary spruce or ash, and if broken can be readily replaced.

DR. A. B. GRIFFITHS, an English physician, has just published a communication which is of great importance to horticulturists and agriculturists. He demonstrates that iron sulphate is an antidote for many of the most virulent epidemics which attack field and garden crops. These diseases are due to microscopic funguses, whose structures are built up in a somewhat different manner to the corresponding parts in other plants. It appears that the cellulose in these funguses is acted upon by iron sulphate, whereas in the higher plants the cellulose of the cell-walls is not influenced. The iron sulphate destroys the cellulose of the funguses, but does not affect that of the attacked plant. It is, therefore, an antidote and destroyer of such parasitic germs and funguses as the potato disease, wheat mildew, etc.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

It is believed that the Georgia Legislature will pass the Bill to prohibit the co-education of blacks and whites.

It is stated that the amount of money stolen by the boodle thieves in Chicago during two years was not far from \$1,000,000.

BULGARIAN affairs continue chaotic. It is the general opinion in European circles that Prince Ferdinand will formally decline to occupy the throne.

MR. BLAINE made a brief address at Dunfermline, Scotland, last week, at the unveiling of a monument of Alexander III., who reigned in Scotland from 1249 to 1286.

THE Interstate Commerce Commission has decided that the law under which it acts does not require railroad companies to sell through tickets to be used on connecting roads.

REPORTS of crop prospects throughout Prussia are most favorable. Winter and Summer corn in Germany generally promise well. Wheat and rye are especially good. There will be a heavy potato crop.

A MOVEMENT has been started in Boston for the organization of women and girls in trades unions similar to the existing organizations of trades among men that have not affiliated with the Knights.

A MILWAUKEE Assembly of the Knights of Labor, composed largely of employees in the breweries, has seceded from the Order, on account of the temperance views held by General Master Workman Powderly.

BUFFALO business men have started a movement looking to the utilization of the water-power of the Niagara River at or near that city. A prize of \$100,000 will be offered to the engineers of the world for the best method of applying the water-power to practical use.

A MOVEMENT in behalf of reform in the civil service of Rhode Island has taken shape in the Legislature of that State; a Bill having been introduced for the appointment of a civil service commission with powers and duties similar to those possessed by the Massachusetts commission.

THE refusal of the Sultan to sign the Egyptian convention, and the departure of Sir Henry Drummond Wolff from Constantinople, afford great satisfaction in France and Russia. It is understood that the negotiations in regard to the convention will be continued by the regular British Ambassador.

It is said that serious misunderstandings exist between the French and Newfoundland fishermen. The commander of the French warship *Drac* has driven Newfoundland fishermen away from certain portions of the coast at the point of the bayonet. The French are encroaching upon fishing-grounds hitherto exclusively used by English fishermen.

A BERLIN dispatch states that there is much military activity at Metz. The enlarging of forts and evolutions of troops are proceeding constantly. Work is conducted at night by the aid of the electric light. The balloon department is experimenting with a view to trying the destructive effects of dynamite hurled down upon forts from a balloon.

OSCAR J. HARVEY, the Treasury Department clerk at Washington whose clever forgeries have excited so much comment, has been convicted of his crime and sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment. One remarkable feature of his case is the fact that he was appointed to his position in spite of the protests of responsible politicians who knew his previous bad record.

THE lower branch of the Georgia Legislature has passed a Bill requiring every winerom-keeper to pay a tax of \$10,000. The local option law in the 118 "dry" counties permits the sale of domestic wines, and under this provision the State has been filled with wineroms, which sold the vilest compounds of wine and whisky. Hence the necessity of the new law.

A ST. PETERSBURG dispatch announces that the Afghan boundary question has been settled. Russia receives the territory between the Knak and the Murghab Rivers, accepting in return the English frontier line on the Oxus River, and renouncing her claims to districts to which she would have been entitled according to the terms of the arrangement in 1883.

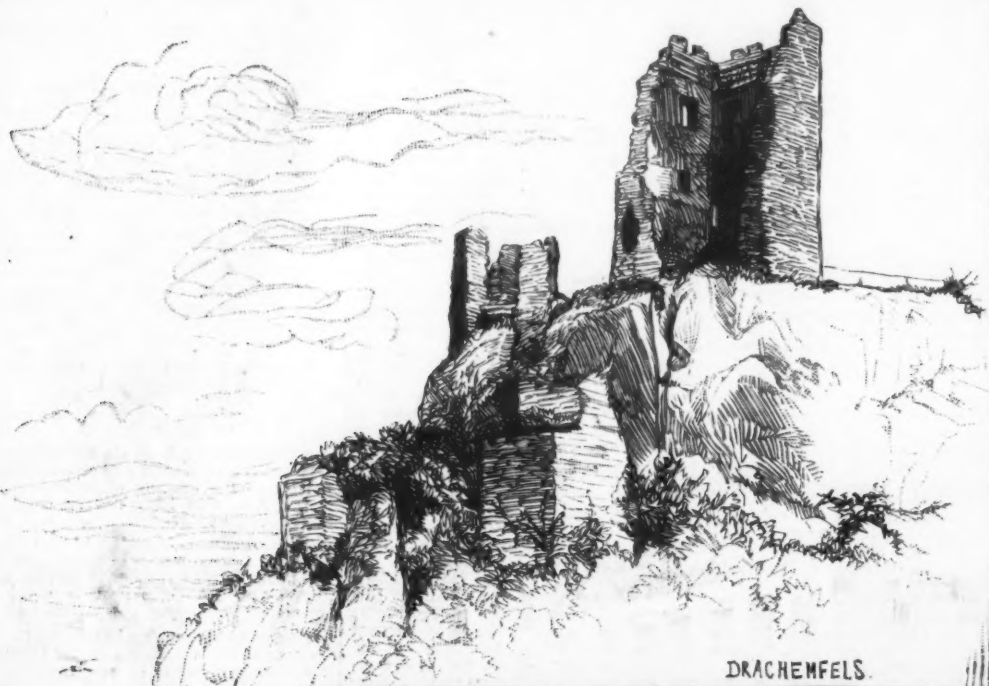
TOLEDO is in danger of putting on metropolitan airs. The Ohio State Republican Convention meets there on July 27th. About the same time, or a few days later, natural gas will be turned into the scores of miles of pipe now laid throughout that city. Toledo is liable to have a boom. It might pay to send spare dollars to the real-estate agents of Toledo for investment.

MR. ROBERT GARRETT announces that the negotiations for the purchase of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad by a syndicate are "off," the intending purchasers having failed to "come to time." The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, its properties, including its large telegraph system and the ownership of its stock, remain now as they were at the opening of the negotiations.

THE City Council of Knoxville, Tenn., has just passed an ordinance recommending the appropriation of a half-million dollars for the construction of two new railroads. The election will soon come off before the people, and the recommendation will no doubt be carried. The two proposed roads are to the Cumberland Gap, where connections will be made with the Norfolk and Western and Louisville and Nashville roads, and to Atlanta over an air line.

BOSTON has purchased 155,000 so-called Gladstone bricks, to be used in the construction of a part of the new courthouse. They are from the kilns of W. E. Gladstone & Son, Hawarden, Wales. Their trade name is "The Premier Brand," first called so probably when Gladstone was Premier of England. The brick is seven times larger than the ordinary American brick and weighs six or seven pounds. The exact dimensions of the brick are 9x4½x3¼ inches. Its color is a light bluff.

ON Thursday morning of last week, the incoming Chicago express train on the Erie Railroad plunged at full speed into a gang of Italian workmen who were at work repairing the road a short distance above Hohokus, N. J. Eleven of the unfortunate Italians were killed, and a number were badly injured. The only excuses made are that the Irish foreman of the gang failed to warn his men, and that a milk train passing in an opposite direction prevented the engineer of the express from seeing the danger until it was too late.



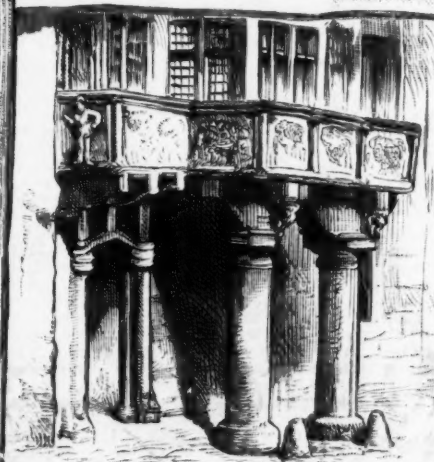
DRACHENFELS.



ONE OF THE "LIEB-FRAUEN".



ONE OF THE OLD FAMILIES OF MAINZ.



AN OLD PORCH



A NEDELBERG STUDENT.

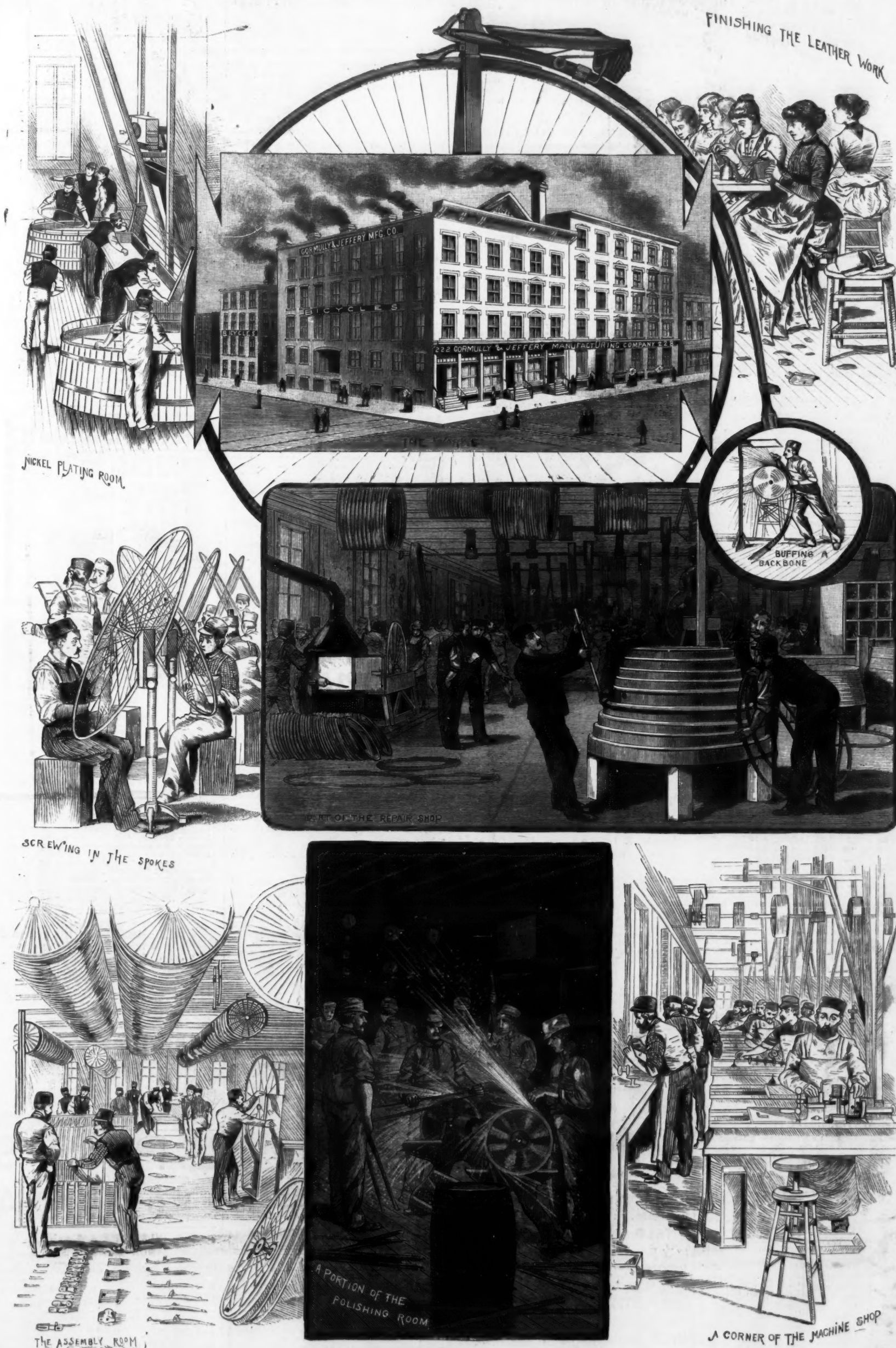


THE PHILOSOPHER OPPOSITE.

AN ENGLISH GIRL ON THE RHINE.



"WHY HAVE YOUR COUNTRYWOMEN SO LITTLE FAITH?"



BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES—HOW THEY ARE MADE.

FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST IN THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE GORMULLY & JEFFERY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CHICAGO.—SEE PAGE 394.

THE MANUFACTURE OF BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES IN AMERICA.

ALTHOUGH the sight of a bicycle or a tricycle speeding along the city boulevards, the Park drives or the shady turnpikes of the country is so ordinary an occurrence as to occasion no comment from the observer, still there are few who appreciate the magnitude that the manufacture of these graceful vehicles has attained during the past ten years in the United States. It is estimated that there are now about seventy-five thousand riders of cycles in America, and about one-half of the machines ridden are American made. The process of their manufacture is exceedingly interesting, requiring as it does the use of the most modern and intricate of machinery, which can be operated only by mechanics of long experience and training, and the perfect cycle of to-day is as carefully made as a watch, and the same of mechanical excellence. The practical utility of this means of locomotion has long been demonstrated. It has proved to be a boon to the clergyman, the lawyer or the business man whose habits are sedentary, while its superiority over the horse in the practice of a physician, and in all the different pursuits where it is necessary to accomplish distances quickly, is an acknowledged fact. The amount of capital invested in the industry reaches well up into the millions, the largest establishment being that of the Gormully & Jeffery Manufacturing Company, of Chicago, who make the well-known American Cycles. One of our staff artists recently visited their factory, and on another page we publish some off-hand sketches, embracing portions of but a few of the many departments the machine has to go through before it is completed. To tell the whole story, however, would require much more than our limited space would admit of, and if the interested reader cannot personally visit one of these establishments, the catalogue which most of the manufacturers send on application gives one a very good idea of the art.

WHALING OFF CAPE COD.

PROVINCETOWN, hanging like a bait on the point of that long fishhook of sand called Cape Cod, was one of the earliest whaling stations of New England. That picturesque industry still survives there, though it is not the extensive and serious business that it was half a century ago. The chase and capture of a sixty-foot finback, however, is as exciting to-day as it was then, and a good deal more scientific. From the shore, or from the masthead of his schooner cruising along the "Georgia Banks," the whaler sights his prey, disporting amid the deep-sea swells. It is not necessary, as in the old days, to approach in a dory and throw the harpoon by hand. The whaler is armed with a heavy gun, which fires a projectile consisting of a long, iron-pointed shaft carrying a bomb. The bomb explodes fourteen seconds after leaving the gun, and, if well directed, puts an end to the whale. The body sinks; but it will rise to the surface again in the course of thirty-six hours, unless the water be more than forty fathoms deep. For this reason the whalers always endeavor to do the killing in shallow water. If a wounded or dead whale drifts away, and is found by other persons than the man who first shot it, it still belongs to the latter, who is identified by the iron point bearing his name or mark, and remaining imbedded in the carcass.

NARRAGANSETT PIER.

HOTEL hops, piazza gossip, lunches and music at the Casino, dressing, bathing, boating and idling—especially idling—are the principal features of Summer life at this elegant and select seaside resort, Narragansett Pier. It is not a city, like Newport, but yet there is plenty of animation and movement. White yachts dot the blue sea; the Newport boat crosses and recrosses the bay, and the daily Block Island steamer scuds away in the distance. The beach is perfect, and the water delightful for bathing. At Narragansett Pier, the day scarcely begins in earnest until 11 A.M.—the bathing hour. Then there is brightness and fun! Each hotel has its own bathing establishment, though one is not obliged to patronize any one especially. The broad platform in front is lined with chairs for a quarter of a mile; gay promenaders stop and chat with their friends sitting quietly looking on the gay scene. Below are tents, private and public, where one also entertains one's friends; children and dogs frisk in the sand, while "with perfect nonchalance, born of custom" as a recent sojourner writes, the bathers, going to the fray with Father Neptune, and returning dripping from his embrace, pass and repass.

"For those who do not bathe there is the Casino, a most picturesque building, where Lander and his band play two hours in the morning and again in the evening, while the promenading and gossip go on with greater zest born of refreshments. The ocean is in front, and the scene is one of the most perfect one can imagine. By this time it is high noon, and all disperse to their hotels for dinner." The drives around Narragansett are beautiful, disclosing vistas of ocean or wooded uplands at every turn, and at sunset the road in front of the hotels is filled with turnouts of all descriptions wending their way homeward. At night comes a repetition of Casino life, with the weekly dances at the hotels, which seem more enjoyable in the cool, salt sea-air than anywhere else in the world.

WATERMELON TIME.

NEW YORK demands an immense number of watermelons to help make the Summer heats tolerable. As the Georgia melon ripens a month or two earlier than the New Jersey product, the supply during the greater part of July and August comes from the South. The docks of the Savannah steamers in New York and Brooklyn are barricaded with piles of the great, green globes, which speedily find their way to the innumerable markets, stores, restaurants, and street stands. It is a particularly festive time for "Little Africa"; and our colored brethren practically demonstrate the harmlessness of "dat watah-mellon" by consuming it in fabulous quantities, and growing more radiantly happy with each luscious wedge. Wall Street itself patronizes the vendor who sells tempting cool, pink slices from a canopied wagon. The watermelon deserves to rank among the great American institutions.

Two Irish immigrants passing up West Street from Castle Garden once came upon a scene similar to that which our artist has depicted. After staring awhile in awe at the heaps of plump, striped Georgia melons, one of the Irishmen remarked to his comrade: "Look at thim gooseberries, will yez? *Bodad, it's a great country, so it is!"

NATURAL GAS AS FUEL is sure to work wonderful changes in the future of those cities which obtain an unlimited supply, also in those which do not. The first will have unexampled growth and prosperity; the second, at least, danger of stagnation. One of these fortunate cities is Toledo, O., already an unsurpassed railroad centre and the metropolis of a vast territory, including the natural gas and oil district of Northwestern Ohio. Investors cannot fail of large profits in Toledo. For information we advise our readers to address Charles P. Griffin, an active and reliable real-estate agent of that city.

AN OPINION CHEERFULLY GIVEN.

From their relation to society, the clergyman of a growing denomination, the minister of a congregation, the pastor of a flock, naturally feel great sympathy for the afflicted. Hence, when the truly pious priest finds a certain remedy is no humbug, but does afford genuine, reliable relief, he does not hesitate to give to the world an honest opinion of it.

The following is from one of the most faithful missionaries ever sent to Siam:

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN: I cheerfully give you my name as a reference for inquirers as to the merits of the Compound Oxygen Treatment. After having been so greatly benefited by the use of this Treatment, I should deem it an act of the deepest ingratitude to withhold my name from a remedy which is so effectual in healing and removing the pains, diseases and infirmities which our fellow-creatures are suffering, or are liable to. With the deepest gratitude for all your kindness, I remain your true Oxygen friend. J. H. CHANDLER."

"CAMDEN, N. J., 573 Lime St., 20th Oct., 1885." A Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in consumption, catarrh, neuralgia, bronchitis, asthma, etc., and a wide range of diseases, will be sent free. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

OSTRICHES sell for \$1,000 per pair in California, but we would rather have a pair of quail and take the balance in money.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

THE PRESS AND HALF-HOLIDAYS.

SATURDAY, from twelve o'clock noon, all the year around, is a legal half-holiday within the State of New York. No other State has as yet framed a similar law, yet the majority of business houses in every large city throughout the country voluntarily close their doors Saturday afternoons during the Summer months, and many of them during a part of the Spring and Autumn, and some throughout the entire year; and a very large proportion close an hour or so before six o'clock on the first five week-days. To the progressive Press of America is due in very large measure the establishment of this unquestionable benefit to business, professional and working men and women. For years back the Press has continually pounded at this subject, until it became generally admitted that the granting of such a privilege does no injury to trade, but rather, by its beneficial effect upon the general business and labor health, tends to clearheadedness and renewed working vigor, which more than pays for the loss of time. To a Boston business house, as well as to the Press, is undoubtedly due, in a measure, the present general adoption of a half holiday. Last Autumn THE POPE MANUFACTURING CO., of that city, foresaw the coming movement in this direction, and before the Winter's frost was out of the ground was using such opportunity as an honorable means of advertising its bicycles and tricycles by flooding the country with a beautiful lithograph for display in door, window and office, announcing that "this store closes" Saturdays and other days at stated hours, which undoubtedly did very considerable towards agitating this popular movement. The Company has announced, through the Press of America, that it will send one of these cards free to any early-closing store on receipt of a two-cent stamp to pay postage. This is, perhaps, the first instance of philanthropic advertising on record.

TEN drops of ANGSTURA BITTERS impart a delicious flavor to all cold drinks, and prevent Malaria and Summer diseases. Try it, and you will never be without it; but be sure to get the world renowned ANGSTURA, manufactured only by DR. J. G. B. SEIGERT & SONS.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 HOE.

GENTLEMEN who desire a stylish, comfortable, well-made shoe, unequalled for wear, should get the W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SEAMLESS SHOE. This shoe now has the upper cut in one piece, thus doing away with the old-style seams at each side, making it much neater in appearance and more comfortable to the foot. No other \$3 advertised shoe in the world has this improvement, nor is any other made of as good material. But no expense has been or will be spared to make every possible improvement in the manufacture of this shoe, and those who wear them testify that it is just what it claims to be, "the best \$3 shoe in the world."

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.



Stomach Disorder.

If your stomach is disordered, indigestion ensues, the kidneys become clogged with impurities that impair—or, in extreme cases, put a stop altogether—to their secretory functions, the blood becomes vitiated, and POISONS the SYSTEM. Let this chain of events go on to its natural ending, from however trivial a beginning, and the result is serious. Arrest this fatal progress by using Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, which while it strengthens the digestive organs, restores the secretory functions, and speedily casts out the gathered impurities in the organs affected. "I was troubled with Sick Headache, Dyspepsia and Constipation for a number of years, but am now entirely free from them, and

The Credit of Curing Me is Due

to Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and I recommend it to all who suffer from these complaints.—Daniel Pitts, Taunton, Mass." It is adapted to both sexes, affording relief in all cases caused by impurity of the blood, as Kidney and Liver complaints. For many complaints once thought to be incurable Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, made at Rondout, N. Y., is now known to be a certain cure. Nervousness, Debility, Rheumatism and the illa peculiar to women invariably yield to it.

Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy

Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; 6 for \$5. Send 2-cent stamp to Dr. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y., for illustrated book how to cure Kidney, Liver and Blood Disorders. Mention this paper.

A RARE OPPORTUNITY FOR PROFIT

The Tortillita Mine.

The soundest, greatest and best mining enterprise in America to-day, whose shares are on the market, is the Tortillita. The property comprises 12 developed mines in profitable operation, located in Pinal County, Arizona, on the mother lode. The district is noted for the rich and generous deposits of gold and silver. The property of the company is over three miles in length, and covers 250 acres of ore. Over \$150,000 in bullion has already been taken out of the three mines now being worked, and the supply is inexhaustible. The permanency of the mines has been demonstrated. The capital stock of the company is \$1,000,000, based on property worth \$15,000,000, shares \$2 each, at which price they can be purchased by subscription through any banker or broker, or by letter, telegraph or in person from the president of the company, Joseph H. Reall, 57 Broadway, New York. The stock is being largely taken for private investment. An early dividend is promised, and it is believed the shares will ultimately command a very high figure. The enterprise is pronounced by the press and leading mining men as the best of its class in the country. Subscription may be made for from one share to 1000. The stock is listed on the New York Consolidated Stock Exchange, and will be called when the subscription books close, which will be at an early day. The price is likely to advance materially. The Tortillita is second only to the famous Comstock in its output and promise.

"DO NOT LIKE WHERE YOU ARE?"

Well, why do you not go to Fort Griswold-on-the-sea—land—that charming hotel, opposite and two miles below New London, Conn.? In addition to 200 rooms, all facing the water, they have cottages. Their table is unsurpassed; the scenery is grand; the climate fine; no glare from all-sand beaches; and not a mosquito can be found, owing to the prevailing southwest winds." They go, and are satisfied.—*Sunday Times.*

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TAYLOR'S CATARRH CURE is sold under a guarantee that, if purchaser is not convinced of its merits after a ten-days' trial, the price, \$2.50, will be refunded on its return to the principal depot, City Hall Pharmacy, 261 Broadway, New York. Send 4c. stamp for pamphlet. It is sure, safe, pleasant. Our readers can rely upon this.

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SPIRITUALISM.

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Coming from such a source, and from a Commission composed of honorable professional gentlemen, impressed with the seriousness of their undertaking, the Report cannot fail to prove highly interesting and valuable to all who wish to have their doubts removed (and who does not?) about this absorbing question.

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against buying Wire Mats unless our name is stamped on the frame. We k imitations are in the market, and u crupulous persons are infringing our patents. We shall begin vigorous litigation, and as the law mak s the seller and user equally liable with the manufacturer, so that you buy the original and only Mat possessing every point of merit. Double woven fabric. Two mats in one. Elastic as a series of coil springs, and the only Mat with scraping ribs at right angles with the direction walk.

HARTMAN STEEL CO., Limited, BEAVER FALL, PA.

140 Congress St., Boston; 118 Chambers St., New York; 107 Dearborn St., Chicago.

BOKER'S BITTERS

THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL Stomach Bitters, AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. TO BE HAD IN QUARTS AND PINTS. L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manuf'r and Prop'r, 78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.



How to Cure Skin & Scalp Diseases with the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

TORTURING, DISFIGURING, ITCHING, SCALY and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of disease-sustaining elements, and thus removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays itching and inflammation, clears the skin and scalp of crusts, scales and sores, and restores the hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, is indispensable in treating skin diseases, baby humors, skin blemishes, chapped and oily skin. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the great skin beautifiers.

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Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

TINTED with the loveliest delicacy is the skin bathed with CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.



ONLY FOR Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

Use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable.

For PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY, the infallible skin medicine. Send for circular.

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SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents, 5 vials by mail for \$1.00. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York. Sold by all Druggists.



Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will be established.

Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs.

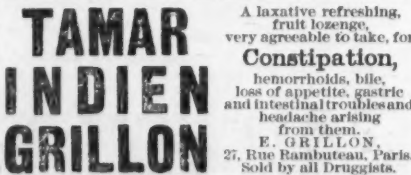
For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy. Sold by druggists.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS—Anti-Bilious and Cathartic. 25c. a vial, by druggists.



Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

The most effective external remedy extant for the cure of Skin Diseases and for Beautifying the Complexion. Caution.—There are counterfeits. Ask for GLENN'S (C. N. CRITTENTON on each packet). Of druggists, 25c.; 3 cakes, 60c., mailed on receipt of price, and 3c. extra per cake, by C. N. CRITTENTON, Proprietor, 115 FULTON ST., New York.



A laxative refreshing, fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them. E. GRILLON, 27, Rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Druggists.

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Want of Sleep

Is sending thousands annually to the insane asylum; and the doctors say this trouble is alarmingly on the increase. The usual remedies, while they may give temporary relief, are likely to do more harm than good. What is needed is an Alternative and Blood-purifier. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is incomparably the best. It corrects those disturbances in the circulation which cause sleeplessness, gives increased vitality, and restores the nervous system to a healthful condition.

Rev. T. G. A. Coté, agent of the Mass. Home Missionary Society, writes that his stomach was out of order, his sleep very often disturbed, and some impurity of the blood manifest; but that a perfect cure was obtained by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Frederick W. Pratt, 424 Washington street, Boston, writes: "My daughter was prostrated with nervous debility. Ayer's Sarsaparilla restored her to health."

William F. Bowker, Erie, Pa., was cured of nervousness and sleeplessness by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for about two months, during which time his weight increased over twenty pounds.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.



SHAVE with EASE.

You often suffer needless pain, Through fault of yours, you can't deny it; Before you Shave yourself again Buy WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK, and try it.

Pleasure unknown! and Comfort, Ease Its use imparts; to all who Shave Its Richness, Mildness, Fragrance please, And Time and Patience tend to save.

Each Stick in a neat Case, covered with red morocco leatherette. Very Portable for Travelers. A LUXURY FOR ALL WHO SHAVE. For Sale by all Druggists, or sent post paid, for 25cts. in Stamps. Address, THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., - Glastonbury, Conn. FOR 50 YEARS MFRS OF FAMOUS GENUINE YANKEE SHAVING SOAP

50,000,000 Feet of Gas Daily! Dr. George's Elixir of Life is strictly vegetable, and contains no opium or minerals. \$1 a bottle. Sold by Druggists. U. S. HERB MEDICINE CO., Findlay, O.

MOTH-WAX.

Kills the Moth and the old Moth Miller. It is a perfect protection of Furs and Woolen Fabrics, and is more economical to use than camphor. In one-pound boxes containing a dozen cakes. Agents wanted in every City, Town and County. WM. H. H. CHILDS, 73 MAIDEN LANE, N. Y. For sale by W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & Co., 170 and 172 William St., N. Y., and the wholesale drug trade.

OPIUM MORPHINE HABIT
CURED AT HOME. NO PAIN. Nervousness, Loss of sleep, interference with business. Directions simple. Terms Low. Treatment sent on trial and NO PAY asked until you are benefited. 1,000 Cures in Six Months. Particular FREE. THE ROMAN REMEDY CO., LAFAYETTE, Ind.

Amusing Adventures, AFLOAT AND ASHORE, OF Three American Boys.

A Volume of 312 Quarto Pages, with 300 Engravings, bound in Beautiful Illuminated Board Covers.

This is a novel and fascinating book for both juvenile and adult readers. It describes, in the most entertaining style, the travels, adventures, explorations, mishaps and humorous experiences of three American boys who make the journey from New York to India and return—the Trans-Atlantic Voyage, London, Paris, the Rhine, Switzerland, Venice, Vienna, the Danube, Buda-Pesth, Serbia and Bulgaria in War-time; Eastern Roumelia, Constantinople, the Black and Caspian Seas, Asiatic Russia, Persia, Afghanistan, India, the Suez Canal Route, Egypt, the Holy Land, the Mediterranean Ports, etc., etc., as they appear to-day.

An interesting book for young readers is "Amusing Adventures, Afloat and Ashore, of Three American Boys," which is sufficiently characterized when we say that it is a descriptive and somewhat humorous narrative of a voyage from New York to India and back again, embracing in going and coming sundry minor voyages and trips of travel in different parts of Europe, Asia and Africa.—*Mail and Express*, Oct. 6th.

"Amusing Adventures, Afloat and on Shore, by Three American Boys" (Mrs. Frank Leslie's Publishing House), is a capital book for juvenile readers. The adventures, which are supposed to have taken place during the last year, are largely concerned with contemporary events in the Old World, and are well related. The illustrations are numerous and spirited.—*N. Y. Sun*, Oct. 3d.

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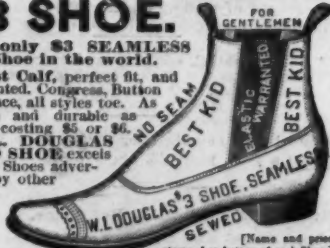
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